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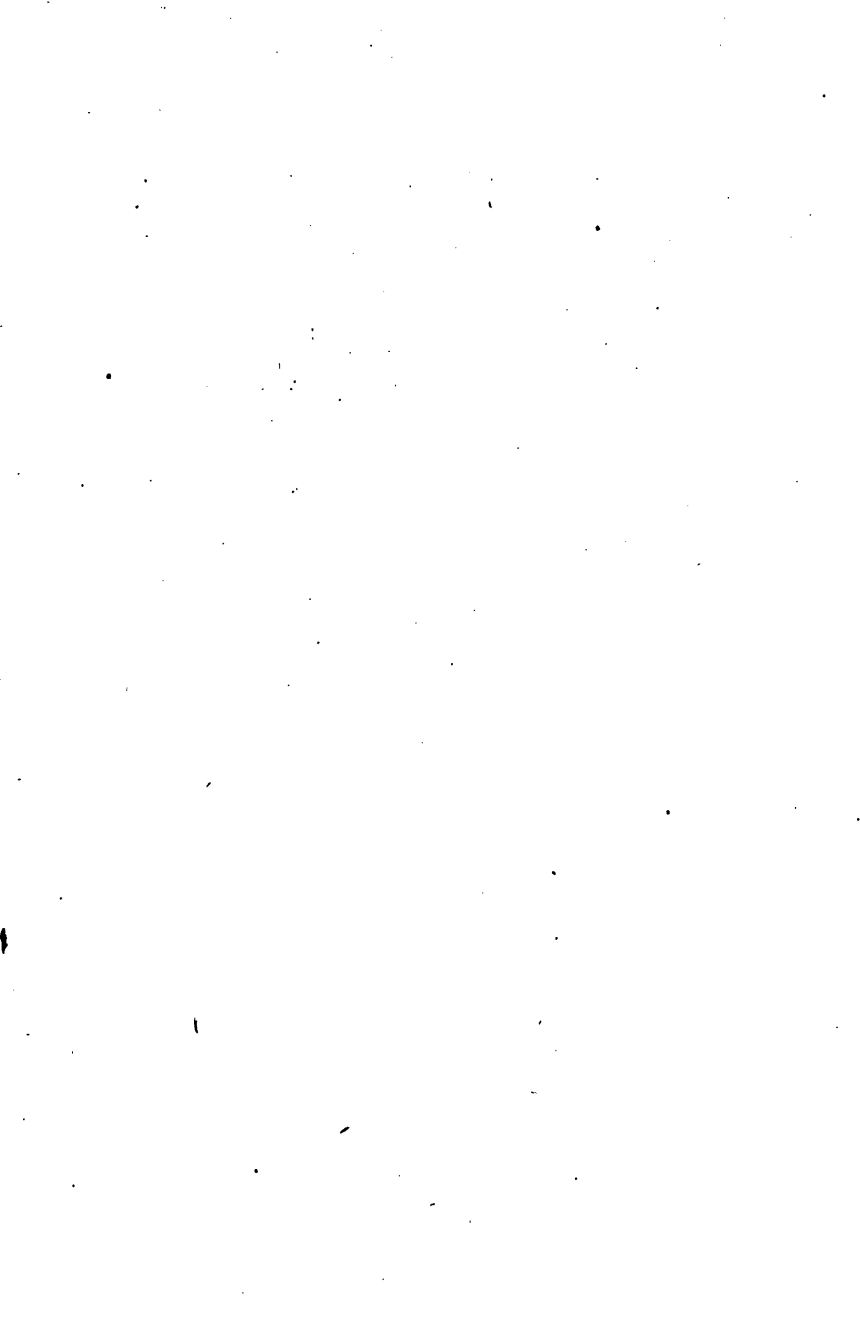


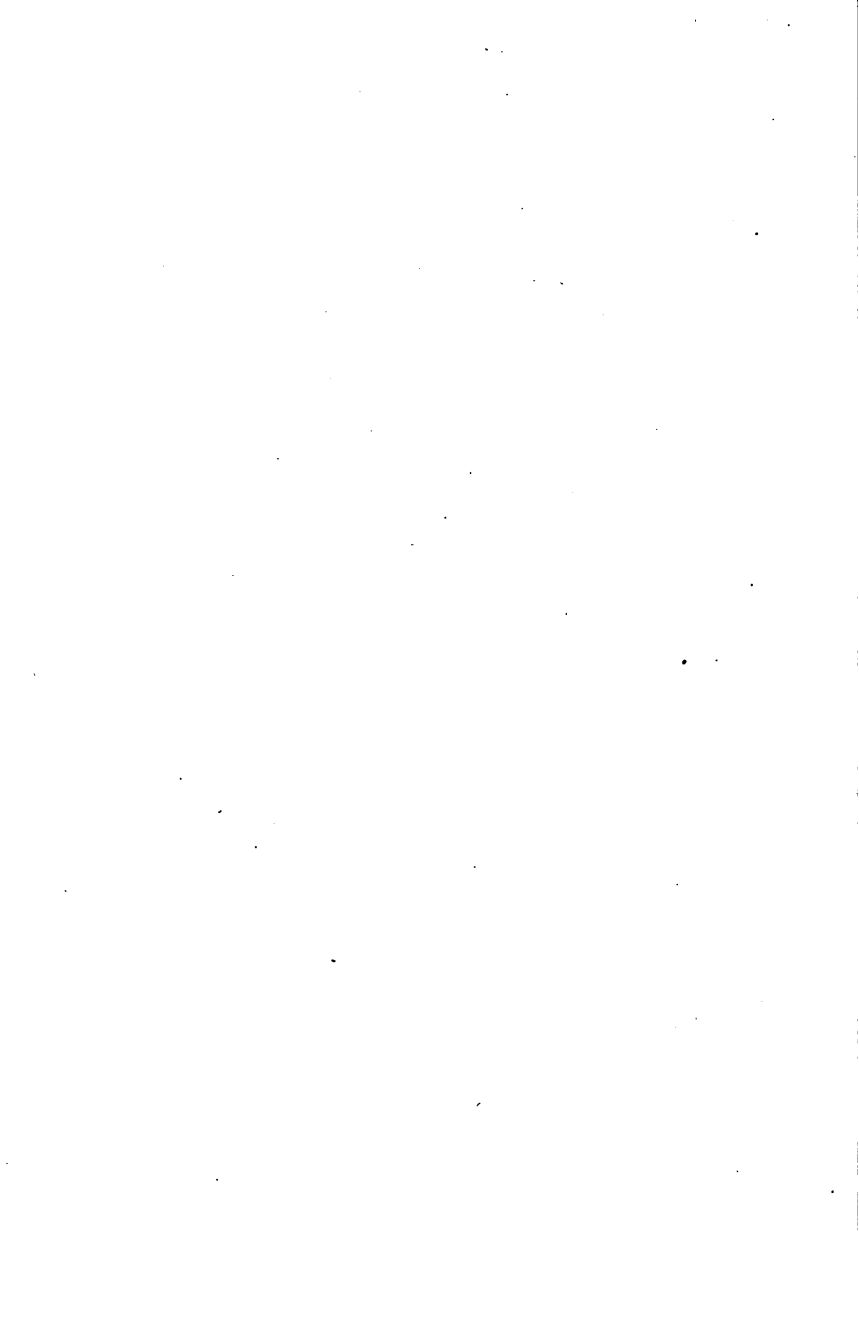
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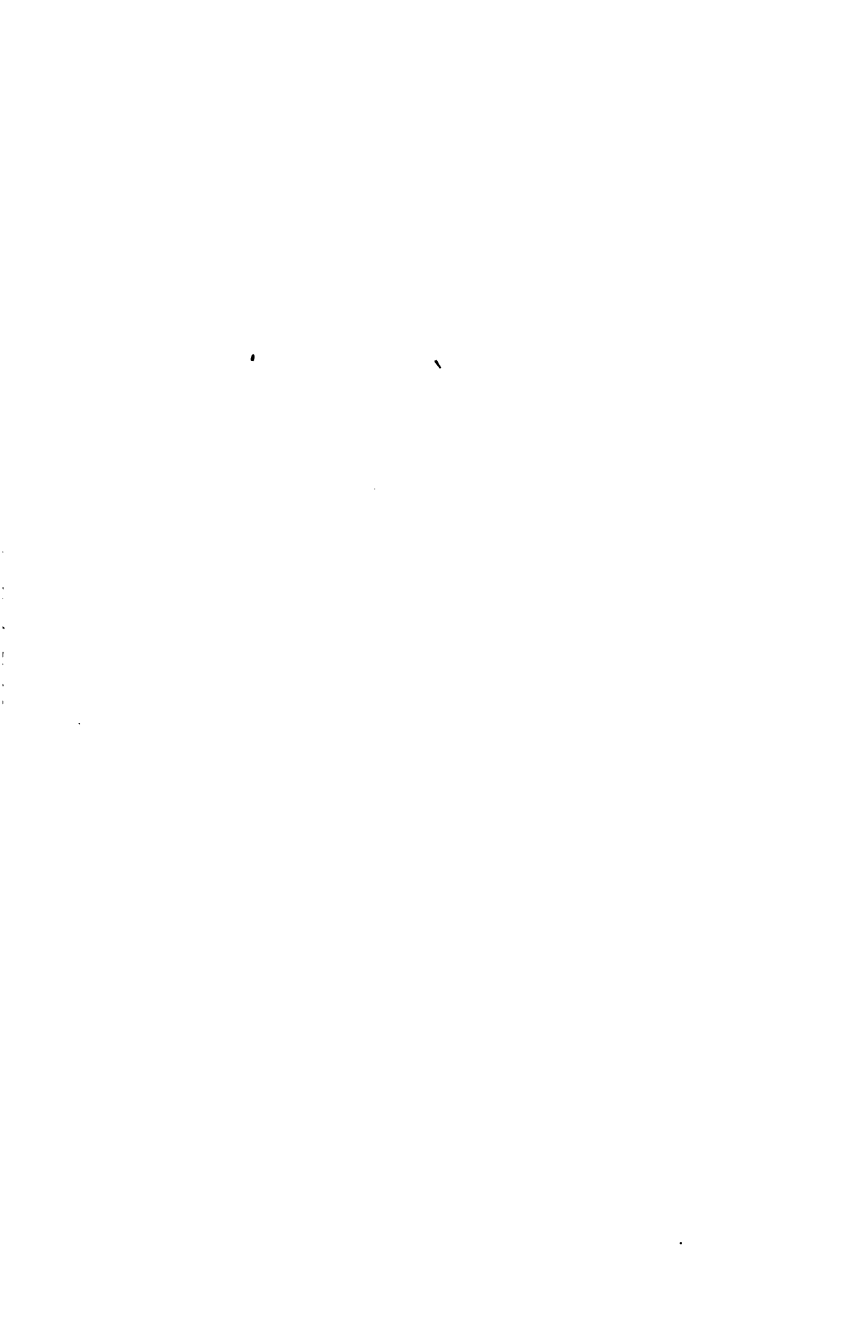
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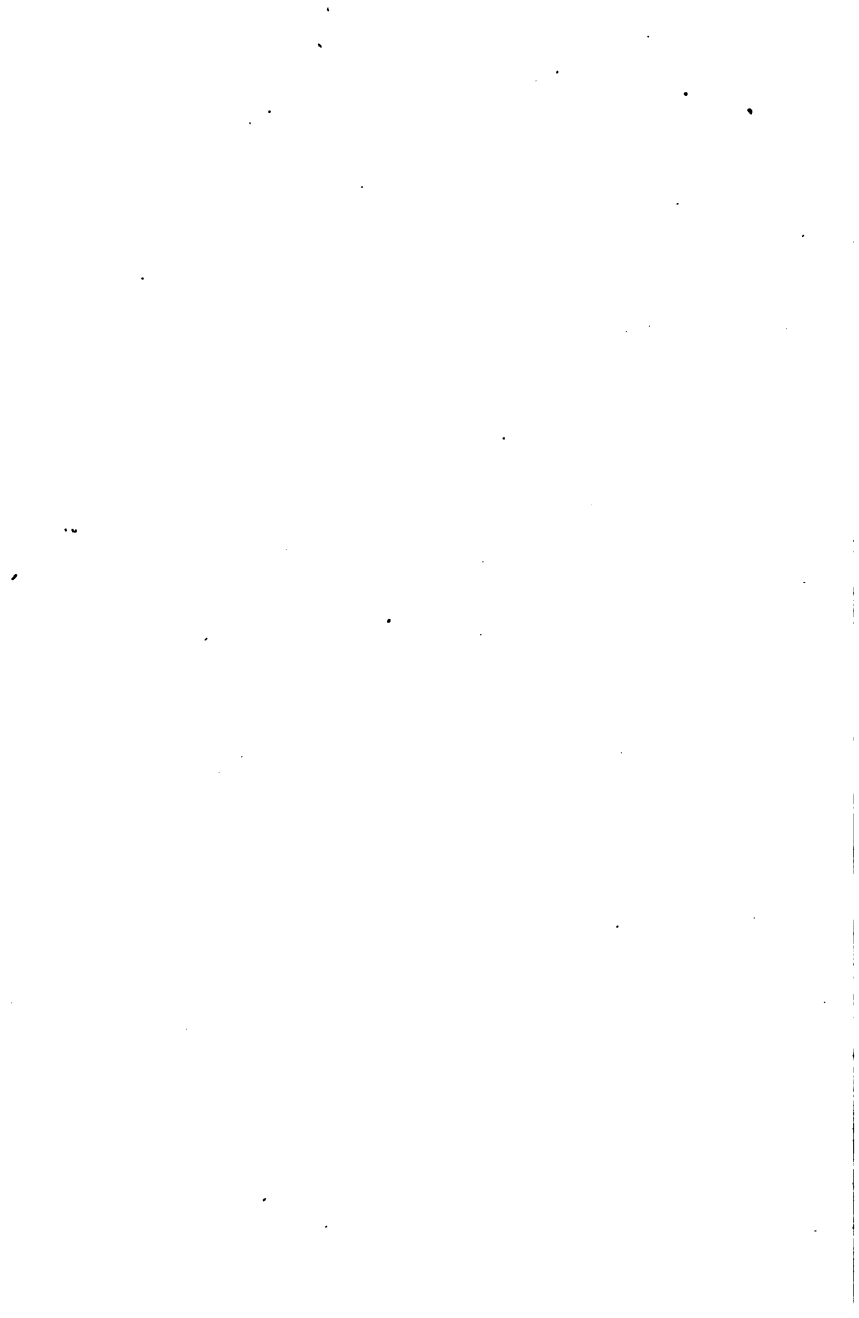
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SONGS AND POEMS

BY

FRANCIS A. FAHY

"O'neolin"

DUBLIN

M. H. GILL AND SON, O'CONNELL STREET

LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL AND CO

1887

Price One Shilling.



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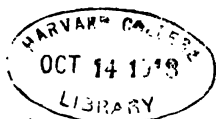
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IRISH SONGS AND POEMS.

DREOILIN.

My name is Dreoilin, I'm the smallest of all the birds
That pour forth their notes on Irish hill-side or in
grove;

Light is my song, though my thoughts are too deep
for words,

My lay is of land, and of light, and of life, and love.

I sing the high hope of a land that resurgent
springs

From the dust and the tomb in the light of a new-
found birth;

Whose anthem of joy to the heart of the nations
rings,

And wakes the glad voice of her children all o'er
the earth.

I sing the new light that, gleaming and dazzling,
glows

On the brow of a race where sorrow long sat
supreme;

I sing the red tide that proudly and strongly flows
Through pulses long chilled by slavery's darksome
stream.

I sing the deep love, the true and the tried, and strong,
That, outlawed, decried, and banned, grew deeper
and fonder still,
That poured out its tribute vain in the ne'er-ending
strife 'gainst wrong,
That lived through the woful years, that Death had
no power to kill.

Full blithe is my lay, yet not that I know not of grief,
For oh! I have supped with pain and wept in the
home of woe ;
And the visits that joy has made, few, few have they
been and brief ;
And the sorrow that aye abides, and the memory
sad I know.

I know where forgotten graves lie thick as the
autumn leaves,
Piled heap on heap with the bones of the victims
of famine's breath,
Who gave up their all to fill the maws of the alien
thieves,
Then flung themselves prone on earth, and cried
for the face of Death.

I know where, behind the walls of many a proud
demesne,
Like roots of an old-time wood, with daisied earth
mantled o'er,
The stones of the village lie whose light shall ne'er
shine again,
Whose echoes no more shall wake on land or on
sea or shore.

I know where beneath the grass which the kine of
the stranger graze,
And under the stealthy grasp of the silent-spread-
ing moor,
The track of the furrow lies, the seed of the olden days,
But weed-roots have choked the seed, and the
furrow shall aye endure.

The ruins, I know them all, from the dun of the
chieftain old
To the hearth where but yester-eve love lit up its
kindly blaze;
And, oh! could you see like me the shapes in the
moonlight cold
That weep round the lonely walls, and from the
wide portals gaze.

And sights have I seen to fill the eyes with unbidden
tears,
To soften the heart of stone, to bring down the
proud head low;
And sounds have I heard of woe, to live in the brain
for years,
And wither the spring of joy in its passionate
overflow.

I've seen the strong heart break 'neath the weight
of a growing care,
And the brave spirit quail and sink, the spectre of
want before,
And the home of delight and love grow dark with a
grim despair,
By the ceaseless dread of the writ of the spoiler
shadowed o'er.

I've seen in the snow-bound night from the home by
their own hands reared—

Like hurtful weeds on the way—the poor and the
lowly flung ;

Nor palsied age, nor youth, nor fading sickness spared
But with hate in the tyrant's heart, and a curse on
the tyrant's tongue.

I've heard in the dead of night, that a cloak to their
misery gave,

The wailing of exiles lone who passed from their
land away ;

The sobbing of bursting hearts that moaned o'er the
loved one's grave,

Where never again they'd kneel and think of the
past, and pray.

But blithe is my song to-day, for the volume is closed
for aye,

The pages of grief and wrong, thick clotted with
blood and tears,

And the story whose leaves unfold, its lines are of
light and gold,

And tell of a life and hope to grow with the grow-
ing years.

And I see o'er the eastern hills the flush of the
dawning glow,

Whose glory shall fill the isle from centre to
bounding sea ;

Whose light from our shores shall chase the spectres
of want and woe,

Whose radiance shall never fade while time on the
earth shall be.

THE TRUCE.

Grounded arms—a flag of white—
Honeyed words and looks of light,
Where but late rang oaths and curses, threats and
blows.

Is the struggle o'er and done ?
Is the battle nearly won,
Whose echoes through the years unceasing rose ?

From the day when Norman band
First polluted Irish land,
And, helped by our divisions, vantage won—
Hotly, fiercely, without rest,
Has the conflict ever pressed,
And the flag been passed from dying sire to son.

Discord paralysed our ranks—
Treason hung upon our flanks—
Counsels weak and timid oft bewrayed our aim ;
And the tempter's lure was spread,
And the private feud fed,
Not in vain, to wreck our hopes in grief and shame.

But as God is in the skies
Watching earth with sleepless eyes—
The nations but as dust within His hand—
Never once, no ! not one hour
(Be He witness in His power,)
Did we own the Briton's title to our land.

What though chiefs their freedom sold,
For the stranger's rank and gold,
Bartered birthright for the trappings of the slave—
What though clans that long withstood,
Fell at last in wreck and blood,
Or sank in shameful thralldom to the grave :

Though MacMurrough fought alone,
Though O'Neill became Tyrone,
And selfish smote the sword of Geraldine ;
Though our blood still hotly shames
That we welcomed rotten James,
And idolised the worthless Stuart line :

Still the great heart of our race,
Through disaster and disgrace,
Beat in all its throbbing pulses stout and true ;
And when 'sank the fevered head,
And the nerveless arm fell dead,
In the fainting veins poured life and vigour new.

Still the nation battled on,
All, save hope and honour, gone—
Beaten, buffeted, abandoned, and betrayed ;—
Fell in fight, but ever rose
Phoenix-like, and faced its foes,
With fearless front, undaunted, undismayed.

And although the Saxon's hand
Holds to-day our Irish land,

Weak the grasp, and strained the wearied muscles
prove;

Though his crimson banner waves
Over ruins, wrecks, and graves,
Few, few are they who greet it—none who love.

But the Celt has held his own—
Widened, deepened, thriven, grown—
Seized each vantage point he yielded up before ;
In his heart the quenchless fire
Of the never-lost desire
To be Master of the land from shore to shore.

To be Master, Ruler, Lord,
Free to bare or sheathe the sword,
Free to bless and free to ban, as seems him meet :
None to say him yea or nay,
None to bid him, none to stay,
But, 'neath God, supreme, unlimited, complete.

Grounded arms—a flag of white—
Honeyed words, and looks of light,
Where but late rang oaths and curses, threats and
blows,
Is the struggle o'er and done?
Is the battle fought and won,
Whose echoes through the years unceasing rose ?

Brothers mine, it may be so,
That the spirit of the foe,
Hath wearied of the barren hopeless fight ;
That the hand he now extends
Would transform foes to friends,
That he wills that Celt and Saxon now unite.

Brothers, haply it may be
Our unworthy eyes may see
The dawn our fathers yearned for in vain,
When our long-oppressed land,
Shall amidst the nations stand
In royal robe of beauty without stain.

But beware ye, oh! beware,
Lest the pitfall and the snare
Lurk behind the Saxon's promises and wiles,
And our hearts, untaught, at last,
By the lessons of the past,
Fall fond, unpitied victims to his wiles.

Be ye cautious, prudent, wise,
O'er the mists of passion rise,
Make no terms that would stop our onward way;
Rather wage the fight apace
Through another cycle's space,
Than our heritage of centuries betray.

For as God is in the skies,
Watching earth with sleepless eyes—
The nations but as dust within His hand,
Never shall the ending be,
Till from surging sea to sea
The Celt is Lord and Ruler in the land.

OH, SUMMER IS COMING.

Air—"KITTY OF COLERAINE."

OH, Summer is coming with sunshine and gladness,
With flowers for the meadows, and light for the
streams ;
When my heart that pined long in a winter of sadness
Shall know all the joy that it felt but in dreams.
For then I'll be going o'er bright waters flowing,
To see the old land to my memory dear—
Oh! I'd rather live poor for one day in Old Ireland
Than riches enjoy for a thousand years here.

'Tis many long years since I saw the green island,
And bade her farewell with a heart full of care,
And far have I roamed since in valley and highland
Where Nature has lavished her favours most rare.
But gay as the bowers, and fair as the flowers,
That bloom in strange lands where, an exile, I
rove—

Still dearest and rarest and nearest and fairest,
Shall be the dear scenes of the land of my love.

I'll roam through the fields so endeared to my child-
hood,
When life was all summer, and friends did not fail ;
I'll hear the wild birds singing sweet in the wildwood,
And lambs bleating low in the daisy-clad vale.

I'll see her blue mountains, her bright, laughing
fountains,

And wander at eve by her ocean-kissed shore,—
And kind friends will meet me and old friends wil
greet me,

With "*cead mile failte*" a thousand times o'er.

Oh, summer wind ! hasten o'er land and o'er ocean,

And linger no longer where orange-trees blow,
But bring me the hour when with fervent devotion

I'll seek the dear shores that I left long ago.

Then farewell, ye bowers, ye fair English flowers,

Though fragrant ye bloom in the noon of the year,
I'd rather live poor for one day in Old Ireland
Than riches enjoy for a thousand years here.

IRISH MOLLY O.

O FAIRER than the lily tall, and sweeter than the rose,
As modest as the violet in dewy dell that blows ;
With heart as warm as summer noon, and pure as
winter snow—

The pride of Erin's isle was she, dear Irish Molly O !

No linnet of the hazel grove than she more sweetly
sang,

No sorrow could be resting where her guileless
laughter rang,

No hall of light could half so bright as that poor
cabin glow

Where shone the face of love and grace of Irish
Molly O !

But fever's breath struck down in death her father
strong and brave,

And who should now his little ones from want and
sorrow save ?

" Oh, never fear, my mother dear, across the seas
I'll go,

And win for ye a new home there," said Irish Molly O !

And far away 'mid strangers cold she toiled for many
a year,

And no one heard the heart-wrung sigh or saw the
silent tear,

But letters fond the seas beyond would kind and
constant go,

With gold won dear, and words of cheer, from Irish
Molly O !

And one by one she sent for all the loved ones o'er
the foam,

And one by one she welcomed them to her fond heart
and home,

And last and best her arms caressed the aged head of
snow,

"Oh, Mother, we'll be happy now!" said Irish Molly O!

Alas! long years of toil and tears had chilled her
young heart's glow,

And grief and care had blanched her hair and stilled
her pulse's flow,

And when the spring bade wild birds sing and buds
in beauty blow—

They made your grave where willows wave, poor
Irish Molly O!

A LAUGHING MATTER.

WHENEVER I read the Irish news
That fills the papers full to-day,
That sends our foes in fits of blues,
And sets our rulers' plans astray—
For spirits dull and low, I find
A tonic in each paragraph :
Joy fills my heart, and soul, and mind—
I sit and hold my sides and laugh.
Ha, ha, ha, ha ! Ho, ho, ho, ho !
And would you know why this is so ?

To see the land whose cry of pain,
Rose ceaseless through the rolling years,
Whose sabre's flash in struggles vain,
So oft was quenched in blood and tears,
Now spring defiant to her feet,
And scatter all her foes like chaff—
Oh ! is not this a subject meet
To make all friends of freedom laugh ?
Ha, ha, ha, ha ! Ho, ho, ho, ho !
Without a shot, without a blow !

I laugh to see the power whose pride,
Flung thousands on the road to die,
That cast the peasant peel aside,
When it had sucked the orange dry—

To-day by God's stern justice forced
Of ruin's bitter cup to quaff ;
Of riches stript, from place divorced,
And turned adrift for jeer and laugh.
Ha, ha, ha, ha ! Ho, ho, ho, ho !
The shame of friend, the mock of foe !

The serf who toiled life's summer through,
With furrowed brow and whitened hair,
Who plenty saw, but never knew,
Who dreamt of ease and woke to care—
Past are his griefs, forgot his wrongs,
For science speaks in his behalf—
"The soil you till to you belongs ;
Claim, enter and possess—and *laugh* !"
Ha, ha, ha, ha ! Ho, ho, ho, ho !
No more to sorrow, child of woe !

The wretches vile whose daily meal
From out the nation's heart was carved—
The bailiff, agent, traitor, spy,
Who fattened while *the people* starved—
Now quit the land in fear and dread,
Like vipers touched by Patrick's staff—
Our famine-dead, the flying tread,
Hear in their close-packed graves and laugh.
Ha, ha, ha, ha ! Ho, ho, ho, ho !
I hear their lank jaws rattling go !

"Society" whose revel-song
Drowned aye the poor man's curse and groan,
That ground the weak, caressed the strong,
To-day lies shattered, overthrown.

While those it once could ostracise—
The “rabble low,” the “mere riff-raff”—
In triumph o’er its ruins rise,
And build a nation new, and laugh.
Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho, ho!
A goodly pile, broad-set below!

Oh, laugh! Oppressed on every shore,
When *Might* must strike its flag to *Right*!
Laugh, nations all the round earth o’er,
A sister leaps to life and light!
Come ye who toil, and toiling weep,
And read Oppression’s epitaph,
By Labour’s hands cut broad and deep:
“*He laugheth best who last can laugh.*”
Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho, ho!
May all true causes prosper so.

TWO.

Two children up a hillside,
Climbing hands and knees,
Two shouts of infant laughter
Wafted on the breeze ;
Two guileless-hearted straying
Along the golden sands,
Watching the white ships sailing
To far-off fairy lands.

Two sitting 'neath the larches,
Where meekest violets blow ;
Two hands fast locked together ;
Two voices whispering low ;
Two ardent eyes whose glances
Two modest blue ones shun :
Two souls that love entrances :
"Two hearts that beat as one."

Two kneeling at an altar,
In summer flowers arrayed ;
Two words on lips that falter ;
Two lives one henceforth made.
Two happy-hearted treading
The autumn vale of years ;
Two sharing joy and sorrow ;
Two mingling smiles and tears.

Two figures bent and drooping
Beside the Christmas hearth,
And summer in their old hearts,
Though winter 's on the earth.
A silent village churchyard,
Two names upon a stone ;
Two harps in Heaven sounding
Before the Maker's throne.

AN OLD IRISH HILL IN THE MORNING.

I'm weary and sick of the sights of the town,
Though haughty its mansions and high its renown,
Oh, if some good fairy would but set me down

On an old Irish hill in the morning!
My soul ever sighs for a sight of the sea,
By dear old Kinvara, or down by Kilkee,
Or where Moher cliffs in their majesty free
Fling back ocean billows in scorning.

An old Irish hill where the crag is so steep,
The air is so sweet, and the heather so deep—
Oh! gladly I'd labour and soundly I'd sleep
On an old Irish hill in the morning!

These Saxons are hard, and their senses are cold,
And all that they care for, or think of, is gold,
What will cover their backs, or their stomachs will hold,

Or what their shrunk shanks is adorning.
I miss the glad look and the grip of the hand,
The heart on the lips, and the welcome so bland,
The *cead míle fáilte*, and best in the land,

On an old Irish hill in the morning.
An old Irish hill where the torrents that leap
Are types of the hearts that a vigil there keep—
Oh, light be their labour, and sound be their sleep
On an old Irish hill in the morning!

Some day when the summer-clouds swim in the sky,
I'll bid the stiff Saxon a merry good-bye,
And blithe over ocean and land I shall fly,
To the green pleasant land I was born in;

I'll give the go-by to all sorrow and strife,
I'll take from the valley a rosy-cheeked wife,
And cheerily live for the rest of my life,

On an old Irish hill in the morning.

An old Irish hill where the dreamy mists creep,
A cabin of love 'mid the heather to peep—
Oh, gladly I'd labour and soundly I'd sleep
On an old Irish hill in the morning!

But if the day came for the bold mountaineer
To strike for the hearths and the homes we hold dear,
And ringing on high on the startled air clear,

The blast of the bugle gave warning—

Oh! where could our boys make a sturdier stand,
To strike a stout blow for the cause of our land,
Than massed in their might on the sides green and
grand

Of an old Irish hill in the morning!

From an old Irish hill—oh! like eagles we'd sweep,
And chase the false foe through the valley like sheep—
Oh, a harvest of hope for our Erin we'd reap,
On an old Irish hill in the morning!

PASSIVE RESISTANCE.

"PASSIVE Resistance!"—Forth rings the cry,
Swelling the echoes from Liffey to Shannon!
Passive Resistance, Brute Force to defy
And level his strongholds from Cork to Dungannon.
Cannon nor sword for our warfare need we,
Counsel of leader, nor ally's assistance;
Centuried serfs, who aspire to be free,
Learn the great lesson of Passive Resistance!

Passive Resistance—in silence to bear
Wrongs that the rebel blood fever to madness;
Passive Resistance—to do and to dare—
Be patient 'mid scenes of ruin and sadness.
Tribute no more to the alien to pay,
Service refusing with steady persistence;
Rather to die in the ditch than obey—
That is the lesson of Passive Resistance.

Passive Resistance! the precept is new;
Once that of leaders took different channels,
And thickly the blood of our trusted and true
Clots every page of our history's annals.
Glad would the foe be, if we too would dare
Place our bare breasts within bayoneting distance—
God, from such folly our tortured souls spare,
Till we have first practised Passive Resistance.

Passive Resistance ! see where they come
With buckshot and bar, with gaol key and scaffold ;
They'll quench the bright hearth, and level the home—
Be ye but calm, and their efforts are baffled !
Famine and want follow close in their train,
God's poor they'll rob of their means of subsistence ;
Patience awhile, and you'll witness again
Tyranny fall before Passive Resistance !

Passive Resistance ! Now is the hour,
People of Ireland, to prove ye a nation !
Passive Resistance will wreck in their power
The utmost " Resources of Civilisation."
Onward the war cloud of centuries rolls—
Close up your ranks, 'tis a fight for existence,
Now, God on our banners, and hope in our souls—
Passive Resistance ! Passive Resistance !

ERIN'S ISLE.

Air—"LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM."

OH, the days are gone when freedom reigned
 In Erin's Isle,
And native lords her rights maintained
 'Gainst alien guile ;
When good swords gleamed, and banners streamed,
 And hearts were true and brave,
And golden grain o'er hill and plain
 Rolled wave on wave ;
Ere yet her homesteads knew of pain,
 Or held a slave.

Oh, the laugh and song are heard no more
 In Erin's vales ;
But ever on her lonely shore
 The wild wind wails.
The grasses grow on hearths whose glow
 Once cheered the poor and lone ;
And far away on foreign strands
 Her exiles moan
Her ruined cause, her wasted lands,
 Her rights o'erthrown.

Oh, will freedom ever shine again
 O'er Erin's Isle,
And misty hill and storied glen
 In glory smile?
Yes, when unite, her wrongs to right,
 Her sons the wide earth o'er,
And force the foreign lords to flee
 Who waste her shore—
Then Erin free from sea to sea
 Shall be once more !

FLOWER OF THE FLOCK.

Air—"TOP OF CORK ROAD."

MAID of all maids—and the wide earth is full of them,
Tender and witching, and slender and tall—
I know a maid takes the shine of the whole of them;
Kitty, agra, you outrival them all.
Pretty and sweet are you, neat and complete are you,
Type of the grace of an old Irish stock;
Rich are you, rare are you, fresh are you, fair are you—
Kitty, agra, you're the flower of the flock.

All the long days at you, love, I could gaze at you,
Lost in amaze as you glide through the dance,
Tripping it, skipping it, stepping it, keeping it—
Little feet peeping retire and advance.
Bright are the eyes of you, sure they tell lies of you,
If you could e'er at a poor fellow mock;
Tender each glance in them, little loves dance in
them,
Looking askance at me, flower of the flock.

Theme of your gushing songs—Erin, her rights and
wrongs;
Soaring you sing like a lark on the wing;
Waking the smile or sigh, making me laugh or cry,
Playing on my heart like an old fiddle-string.
Gate of my heart for you, opens apart for you,
Leaps out to meet you with joy when you knock;
Birds in the tree of you, jealous might be of you,
Stoirin mo chroidhe, of you, flower of the flock.

When I kneel down at Mass, where are my thoughts,
 alas ?

Nought but the light of a bright face I see ;
All that my praying is, all that I'm saying is,
 " God bless sweet Kitty, and keep her for me."
Hourly I sigh for you, proudly I'd die for you,
 Joyfully lay down my life on the block ;
King on his throne for you, true love might own for
 you,
Reigning alone for you, flower of the flock.

Maid of all maidens, my life is entwined in thine,
 Turning to thee like the flowers to the sun ;
Tell me, oh ! tell me, thy heart is enshrined in mine—
 Tell me, asthore, we had better be one.
Come with me, roam with me, over the foam with me,
 Come to my home with me, near Carrig rock,
Light of my life to be, sweetheart and wife to be,
 Free from all strife to be, flower of the flock.

THE O'S AND THE MAC'S.

Air—"THE PRIEST IN HIS BOOTS."

THEY may talk as they please of their men celebrated,
Whose deeds are related in every tongue;
Whose merits inflated and worth overrated,
In stories are told, and in epics are sung.
But Erin has sons who have annals more famous,
And records of deeds more supported by facts;
And little the brag of the alien need shame us,
While proudly we boast of our O's and our Mac's.

CHORUS.

Oh! hurrah for the land that such heroes can nourish,
God send her the comfort that sadly she lacks,
And ne'er may the Mac's and the O's cease to flourish
Till they raise a new stock of the O's and the Mac's.

Their origin's lost in the mists of past ages;
Their prowess the pages of history fills;
They ranked high as poets and statesmen and sages,
When Britons ran naked and wild on the hills.
And when over Europe, by pagans victorious,
Faith's light was put out like a taper of wax,
Who made it once more shine unsullied and glorious,
But the monks and the nuns of the O's and the
Mac's?

Chorus.

When the nations bowed down to the Danish marauder,
And groaned 'neath his taxes and shrank from his
blows,

In Erin alone he got little soft sawder,

But sweeping hard knocks from the Mac's and
the O's.

And when the false Saxon would injure and scorn her,
They routed his hosts, and repulsed his attacks,
And for three hundred years crushed him up in a
corner,

To beg for bare life from the O's and the Mac's.

Chorus.

Alas for poor Erin ! 'twas trusting betrayed her,

Or else they had made but short work of the foe,
And never had stooped to a heartless invader,
Whose reign has been ruin, whose smile has been
woe.

But shot down in valley, and hunted in highland,

And thinned by the bullet, the gibbet, and axe,
Still vainly 'twas sought from the homes of our island
To root out the stock of the O's and the Mac's.

Chorus.

And when cruel laws through the world-wide nations,

As exiles and wanderers forced them to roam,
Their genius soon won them the loftiest stations,
And riches and honours denied them at home.

And often in joy 'mid the cannon's loud rattle,
They laid their old foes on the broad of their backs,
While high o'er the rush and the roar of the battle,
Rang out the wild yell of the O's and the Mac's.

Chorus.

They're scattered to-day to the ends of creation,
But their faces are lifted, their hope soaring free—
To raise the old land from her deep degradation,
And crown her once more fairest queen of the sea.
Oh ! God, speed the day when they'll meet the
invader,
And make him his grip of poor Erin relax ;
No longer to crush, and no more to degrade her,
While lives the old stock of the O's and the Mac's.
Chorus.

THE ROCKY ROAD TO FREEDOM.

LONG in our chains we lay
Dejected and repining—
Upon our lot no ray
Of hope or comfort shining.
The theme of scoff and sneer—
By weakest peoples slighted—
The slaves of doubt and fear—
Distrustful, disunited.
But now the spell is past,
For ages o'er us cast,
In linked battalions massed
With worth and mind to lead them,
We march, a mighty throng,
Calm, resolute, and strong,
With ringing tread along
The Rocky Road to Freedom.

On, on, through storm and wrack;
Near frowning precipices;
By caverns yawning black,
And fathomless abysses.
O'er graves of buried hopes
And efforts unavailing;
O'er many a void that opes
To gulph the weak and failing.
On, on, through night and gloom,
Through terrors of the tomb—
What though a few succumb,
We shall not miss nor need them,

For every gap they make,
A score undaunted take,
Whose cheers the echoes wake
 Along the Road to Freedom.

A thousand shapes of fear
 In ever-changing forms,
Across our path appear,
 And shriek above the storms.

Coercion, Hag of Hell,
 And Law, black-capped and ireful,
Eviction, foul and fell,
 And Famine, gaunt and direful.

Foul brood of lowest Hell,
They threaten, rave, and yell,
We know their worst too well,
 To dread them now or heed them ;
Their reign of hate is o'er,
Of ruin, waste, and gore—
They fright our souls no more
 Upon the Road to Freedom.

Beside us brothers fall,
 With toil and anguish stricken ;
Around us voices call,
 And cry as dangers thicken,

“Your labour is in vain,
 Your dearest hopes are hollow,
Why, leaving ease and gain,
 A phantom will you follow ?”

Unheeded their appeal,
The pleasures they reveal—
The steadfast breast in steel
 Temptations that impede them ;

For better far—alone—
Than shame-won honours own,
To lie a corpse unknown
Upon the Road to Freedom.

Oh, comrades, see you now
That flush of crimson spreading,
Above the mountain's brow
Whose rugged side we're treading ?
It widens far and high
Across the waking heaven !
The shapes of darkness fly—
The veil of night is riven !
Hurrah ! it is the Day,
That comes with welcome ray—
Refulgent on our way,
In vales of joy to lead them,
Whose work is o'er and done,
Whose fight is fought and won,
Whose banners greet the sun
That lights the Land of Freedom.

BAG AND BAGGAGE.

IRISHMEN, who blush to see
Ireland's life throughout pervading,
British marks of slavery,
Galling, hateful, and degrading.
Why should they one other day
Stand a theme for idle scoffer?
Take a friend's advice, I say
Sweep them, bag and baggage, off her.

British names of town and street,
Stamping alien domination,
Brands of ruin and defeat,
Fraud, and forceful usurpation;
Names that breathe of past disgrace—
Rags of thralldom hang about them,
Wipe them from the Island's face—
Rout them, bag and baggage, rout them.

British names, for boy or maid,
Give no more at font baptismal—
Names accurst in lands betrayed—
Names that tell of crimes abysmal.
Choose ye from your history's page,
Where they shine in lines of glory,
Name of hero, saint, and sage,
Sweet of sound and grand of story.

British journal, book, and sheet,
Gutter song, and loose romances,
Where your pure-souled children meet
Smooth-faced evil's first advances.

Give no more the rubbish room,
Teach your little ones to spurn them,
Sweep them out of hearth and home,
Make a bonfire gay and burn them.

British goods, forbear to touch,
Leave on mart, unbought and rotting :
Shoddy, Brummagem, and such,
No law hinders you boycotting.
Clear them out of shop and store,
Buy but wares that Ireland offers,
Pour your Irish gold no more
Into bursting British coffers.

British manners, British ways,
All their "blood and glory" toasting,
Boundless self-conceit and praise,
Brazen brag and shameless boasting,
Cringing low to wealth and state,
Scorning honest hearts without them,
Fawning on the worthless "great"—
Rout them, bag and baggage, rout them.

When of these you've rid the Isle,
You shall walk with vision clearer,
And upon your night shall smile
Freedom's blessed dawning nearer.
When from depths where sorrow cast her,
Erin, 'midst the world's laughter,
Springs to see her British master
Flying—bag and baggage, after.

A NATIONAL DUET.

JOHNNY BULL.

WHY are you so unfriendly, Paddy Doyle?
And treat me so unkindly, Paddy Doyle?
 Why are all my offers slighted,
 My heart's love unrequited—
Why can't we live united, Paddy Doyle?

Some say you hate my ruling, Paddy Doyle?
But such people must be fooling, Paddy Doyle?
 For you know the real case is
 That of all my subject races
You've had most of my good graces, Paddy Doyle?

PADDY DOYLE.

Musha, do you think we're draming, Johnny Bull,
That you go on with your schaming, Johnny Bull?
 Hasn't sorrow and disaster,
 Coming oftener and faster,
Wrecked our land since you were master, Johnny
 Bull?

First you broke in without raison, Johnny Bull,
And you called resistance treason, Johnny Bull;
 Then by force and usurpation,
 Penal laws and confiscation,
You laid waste our hapless nation, Johnny Bull.

JOHNNY BULL.

Oh! why read the mouldy pages, Paddy Doyle,
Of those dead and bygone ages, Paddy Doyle?

Think only of the present,
And be friendly now, and pleasant,
Like a warm-hearted peasant, Paddy Doyle.

And look how well I treat you, Paddy Doyle,
In your efforts half-way meet you, Paddy Doyle,

Look at all the Acts I send you,
All the money that I lend you,
All the favour I extend you, Paddy Doyle.

PADDY DOYLE.

Ah! you scorn me when I'm weakly, Johnny Bull,
And you mock me when I'm sickly, Johnny Bull;

But when I with agitation
Fully rouse the sleeping nation,
You give way in consternation, Johnny Bull.

And I've nothing but aversion, Johnny Bull,
For your rackrents and coercion, Johnny Bull;

You have my mother dying,
My little starved ones crying,
And my exiled brothers flying, Johnny Bull.

JOHNNY BULL.

My empire is infinite, Paddy Doyle,
And you'll have a large share in it, Paddy Doyle,

If your temper keeps from bubbling,
And your people cease from troubling,
And you let me rule in Dublin, Paddy Doyle.

If not, then hear me swear it, Paddy Doyle,
My glory—you shan't share it, Paddy Doyle ;
 Your race shall prosper never,
 For I'll baulk their best endeavour,
And I'll keep them down for ever, Paddy Doyle.

PADDY DOYLE.

A fig for all your glory, Johnny Bull—
It is black and soiled and gory, Johnny Bull ;
 Though the sun shines now upon it,
 The poor man's curse is on it,
And you'll lose it as you won it, Johnny Bull.

And I laugh at all your warning, Johnny Bull,
For our race is long past scorning, Johnny Bull ;
 For no longer we're despairing,
 But we're sturdy now and daring,
And we'll rule once more in Erin, Johnny Bull.

OWEN COIR.

(FROM THE IRISH.)

Air—"MOLL ROE."

The mock-elegy, of which the following is a translation, was written by Barrett, a Mayo poet of the last century, on one of the most rapacious land-agents of his time, named "Eoghan Coir," or Owen the honest and humane. Gavin and Boyle, mentioned in the song, were two tenants who suffered most from Owen's "humanity."

ISN'T this the most pitiful story
That ever touched heart to the core ?
To-day we saw Owen to glory,
From Creagan-a-line to Fallmore.
Such wailing and loud lamentation
Was ne'er heard in Erin before,
For we've lost our best friend in creation,
The kind tender-hearted Owen Coir.

He had every one's love and affection,
The withered old man and the young ;
With the highest and lowest connection
The praise of his big heart was sung.
With the pick and the pride of the people,
Although he liked best to spend free,
He'd never say "No !" to a tippie
From folks of the poorest degree.

Poor Gavin 's in deep tribulation,
And Boyle won't be long to the fore,
Since they lost their best friend in the nation
Their hearts are with grief brimming o'er.
There never, I'm thinking, yet measured
His length in the battle's uproar,
A hero this couple more cherished
Than the soft-hearted "crayther," Owen Coir.

'Twas he that was good at rent-taking,
Make light of a month here or there,
Till you'd sell the frieze cloth you'd be making,
Or your young heifer calf at the fair.
'Twas thinking of all his good labours
Made Shemus so fervently pray,
*"The same as he was to the neighbours,
May Jesus be to him this day!"*

Put one in a line with a seven,
And eight after that doubled o'er,*
He went on his journey to—Heaven (?)
And the devil a word he spoke more.
'Tis laid down by poet and prophet
Some day to the grave we'll all go,
But while we can keep our legs off it—
A drink is the best cure for woe.

THE OULD PLAID SHAWL.

Not far from old Kinvara, in the merry month of
May,
When birds were singing cheerily, there came across
my way,
As if from out the sky above an angel chanced to fall,
A little Irish *cailin* in an ould plaid shawl.

She tripped along right joyously, a basket on her
arm ;
And, oh ! her face, and, oh ! her grace, the soul of
saint would charm ;
Her brown hair rippled o'er her brow, but greatest
charm of all
Was her modest blue eyes beaming 'neath her ould
plaid shawl.

I courteously saluted her—"God save you, miss,"
says I ;
"God save you, kindly, sir," said she, and shyly
passed me by ;
Off went my heart along with her, a captive in her
thrall,
Imprisoned in the corner of her ould plaid shawl.

Enchanted with her beauty rare, I gazed in pure
delight,
Till round an angle of the road she vanished from my
sight ;
But ever since I sighing say, as I that scene recall,
"The grace of God about you and your ould plaid
shawl."

I've heard of highway robbers that, with pistols and
with knives,
Make trembling travellers yield them up their money
or their lives,
But think of me that handed out my heart and head
and all
To a simple little *cailin* in an ould plaid shawl !

Oh ! graceful the mantillas that the signorinas wear,
And tasteful are the bonnets of Parisian ladies fair,
But never cloak, or hood, or robe, in palace, bow'r, or
hall,
Clad half such witching beauty as that ould plaid
shawl.

Oh ! some men sigh for riches, and some men live for
fame,
And some on history's pages hope to win a glorious
name ;
My aims are not ambitious, and my wishes are but
small—
You might wrap them all together in an ould plaid
shawl.

I'll seek her all through Galway, and I'll seek her all
through Clare,
I'll search for tale or tidings of my traveller every-
where,
For peace of mind I'll never find until my own I call
That little Irish *cailin* in her ould plaid shawl.

WE'RE NOT THE SAME.

WE'RE not the same, we're not the same—

In thought, or mind, or soul, or heart ;
Our likenesses are but in name,

We're severed as the poles apart.
We've both our theme of rightful pride,
We've both our cause for blush of shame,
But here our paths diverge, divide—
We're not the same, we're not the same.

Our creed is not the Briton's creed—

Of barter keen and money lent,
With roots deep down in selfish greed,
And branching wide in cent. per cent. ;
With maxims smooth of "might makes right,"
"He keeps who can—he takes who needs,"
"Woe to the weak in life's tough fight,"
And "Nothing like success succeeds."

Our creed is this : 'twere better starve

Than live by others' loss or dole,
And better fail than pathway carve,
Through fraud and wrong to wished-for goal ;
That soon or late the right shall win,
The weak grow strong, the mighty fall,
The wicked perish in their sin,
The wronged on God not vainly call.

Our faith is not the Briton's faith—

Of goodly show when interest needs,
But fading fast in hour of scaith,
When promise should be backed by deeds.

A beacon light that falsely lures
The toiler on life's stormy main—
A bubble that a span endures,
As brilliant, fleeting, and as vain.

Our faith is pure and tried and true,
It rose in days of wreck and ill;
Through weal and woe it throve and grew,
In beauteous bloom it liveth still—
A throb of hope in dark despair,
A ray of light in day of grief,
A star that shineth pure and fair
O'er Europe's night of unbelief.

Our race is not the Briton's race,
From ancient womb of darkness hurled,
To blot with tears earth's comely face,
And stalk—the footpad of the world—
Of placid face, and solemn mien,
And clothed in sanctimonious robe,
But cruel of instinct, harsh and mean—
The moral Pecksniff of the globe.

Our race, through clouds of gloom and woe,
And years of wreck and outraged trust,
Still lifts its face with soulfelt glow,
Still hopes, still knows that God is just.
Its deeds are of the open day,
Its spirit, scorning prison bars,
Springs from the grovellings of clay,
And reads its future in the stars.

Our God is not the Briton's God,
Who daily needs His cup of blood ;
Who's treated to the bribe or rod,
As found in harsh or pliant mood ;
Whose holy name's invoked to bless
The deed of outrage, crime, and wrong ;
Who grinds the poor in their distress,
But aids the great and loves the strong.

Our God is just—He loves the poor ;
And patient—oh ! He bideth long ;
But when His hand falls dread and sure,
Then woe betide the great and strong.
He'll crush them in its hollow wide,
And sow their fertile fields with salt,
And in their heights of place and pride,
The stricken one of years exalt.

We're not the same, we're not the same—
We never were, we ne'er shall be ;
In vain fresh links and bonds to frame—
Our thoughts, our wills, our souls are free.
Although our cup with tears o'erflows,
We scorn the kinship that they claim ;
God leaves us this 'midst all our woes—
We're not the same, we're not the same.

THE BARD MISE.

My soul is bitter, and my days are drear,
And all the blood within my veins is gall,
To see my Erin lie from year to year
A bonded slave in hated Saxon thrall.

The nations in the flooding light of day,
In leaps and bounds press on to Freedom's goal,
Nor mark their sister stricken by the way,
Nor heed her heart-wrung monody of dole.

Erin the beautiful, the fair, the bright—
The loved of sages, and the poet's theme,
Of vales of plenty, and of hills of light,
Of glen melodious, and of rushing stream !

Her woodlands bare as swept by tongue of fire,
Her streams in darkness and her hills in gloom,
Her valleys waste as stricken in God's ire,
Joyless and cold and silent as the tomb.

Her homes in mourning, scourged by Famine's
breath ;
Sobs on her lonely shore the shipless wave ;
Her cities sleeping in the sleep of death ;
Thriving alone the ivy and the grave.

Erin of the steadfast faith, and sure—
Erin of the welcome smile, and bland—
Erin of the soaring soul, and pure—
Erin of the open heart and hand !

Her tuneful harp neglected and unstrung ;
Black Ruin sitting within hall and bower ;
Her tale unuttered, and her song unsung ;
Her pride a memory, and a dream her power.

Her children scattered over earth's domain—
Chilled at the Poles, or scorched 'neath Tropic
skies—
Wearing their lives in ceaseless toil and pain,
Their days in labour and their nights in sighs.

I joy not in the dawning of the year,
I mark not if the blossoms bud or fall,
I only see the land I love most dear—
Oh, cruel wrong !—within the Saxon's thrall.

The faithless Saxon, son of Crime and Hate,
In changeless mould of ancient savage cast,
Through the thin vesture of whose pomp and state
Scowls aye the grim marauder of the past.

The grasping Saxon, pitiless and cold,
Accurst on every shore his foot has trod ;
Weak with the mighty, with the friendless bold ;
Profit his heaven, and Red Gold his God.

My heart is heavy and my life unrest ;

I would not live a year, nor yet a day,

But for the burning hope within my breast

That God will free her yet from alien sway—

That in no distant hour He'll sweep the Isle

From every trace of Saxon thraldom free,

As when in ages past He bade her smile

In peerless beauty o'er the Western Sea.

MY KITTY O!

Air—"PADDY'S WEDDING O."

DULL books, good-bye! No more shall I

In you seek recreation, O ;

I'll pour no more o'er musty lore

For fruitless information, O.

I'll o'er the foam, I'll hie me home,

I'll leave the dreary city, O,

O'er hill and dale, through glen and vale,

I'll roam alone with Kitty, O.

My Kitty, O! My Kitty, O.

Oh, what are joys of city, O,

Long years compared with one hour shared

In converse sweet with Kitty, O.

Her eye is bright, her step so light

It scarcely bends the daisy, O.

If men her laugh like wine could quaff

'Twould surely send them crazy, O.

Soft ringlets press in fond caress

Around her ears so pretty, O,

And brow of snow, and lips aglow,

And rosy cheeks has Kitty, O.

My Kitty, O! My Kitty, O!

She's handsome, winsome, witty, O ;

Seek far and near, from Bann to Clear,

You'll meet no peer for Kitty, O!

And though her mind floats unconfined

In airy, fairy fancies, O,

And childish glee from pure heart free,

Out through her blue eyes glances, O

For Erin's woe and lot so low
Her soul o'erflows with pity, O,
And only those who're Erin's foes
Are also foes of Kitty, O.
My Kitty, O! My Kitty, O!
Oh! soul of love and pity, O!
Old Ireland free we soon would see
If it could be through Kitty, O!

Oh! joy the day when, blithe and gay,
I'll ramble with my fairest, O,
And of the flowers in Erin's bowers
Shall own the richest, rarest, O.
The May-day long shall glide in song,
In story old, and ditty, O,
When near my heart, no more to part,
I'll find my Irish Kitty, O!
My Kitty, O! My Kitty, O!
My dearest, nearest Kitty, O!
My treasure bright, my heart's delight,
Mo mhilis, dhilis Kitty, O!

GOD BLESS THE WORK.

God bless the work—the noble work—
That aims to free a suffering nation
From bonds more curst than ever Turk
Wrought in supremest domination ;
That seeks in every honest way
To gild the promise of her morrow,
And lead her to the light of day
From out her gloomy night of sorrow.

Too long—ah ! idly, and in shame,
In foolish hopes that naught availed us,
We waited days that never came,
And foreign aid that ever failed us ;
Whilst in our path, within our reach,
With few to mark, and none to heed them,
Lay chances vast in work and speech,
To lift our country nearer Freedom.

That day is past—from shore to shore
Rings out the din of preparation,
Of toil, of love, that never more
Shall cease till Ireland stands—a Nation.
The hammers strike ; the anvils ring ;
The brain contrives in mute endeavour ;
The sages teach ; the minstrels sing—
God bless the work and workers ever.

God bless the work—or small or great,
If mind directs, and heart inspires it ;
No aid so poor or rendered late
But Ireland in this hour requires it.

In potent strength united all,
Each in his sphere however humble ;
One sea sweeps harmless round its wall,
But ceaseless drops will granite crumble.

God bless the work of silvery tongue
That wins one honest friend for Erin,
The lesson taught, or ditty sung,
That lights new hope in hearts despairing ;
Nor less the work in minds of youth
That spreads the light of Erin's story—
That sows the seed of hope and truth
To blossom yet in deeds of glory.

God bless the work in senate halls
In stubborn fight for Ireland striving,
Or close immured in prison walls
Where bodies waste, but brains are thriving.
In meeting vast, on office stool,
By fireside bright, on roadway lonely,
In cabin, study, club, or school,
Where true hearts beat for Ireland only.

God bless the work—God bless the work,
Inspire, direct, promote, and speed it :
Oh, base the hands or hearts that shirk
Their fitting toil now true men need it !
God bless the work, 'twill thrive and speed
Through sorrow, care, and tribulations,
Till Ireland stands, redeemed and freed,
A stainless Queen among the Nations.

THE LITTLE HOUSE UNDER THE HILL.

I've roamed and I've rambled the earth far and wide,
Through many a mansion and palace of pride,
But flies my fond heart to the green island still,
Back to the little house under the hill.

Hi for it! Ho for it! Hi for it still!

Hi for the little house under the hill!

Had I the way now, as I have the will,
I'd fly to the little house under the hill.

Oh, how the little house comes to my mind—
Face to the sunlight and back to the wind!
The hum of the bee and the ripple of rill
Made glee for the little house under the hill.

Hi for it! Ho for it! Hi for it still!

Hi for the little house under the hill!

I listen in dreams while the thrush's wild trill
Wakes joy round the little house under the hill.

Humble the roof was and covered with thatch,
But stranger in vain never lifted the latch—
Greeting and welcome that care could not kill
Were found in the little house under the hill.

Hi for it! Ho for it! Hi for it still!

Hi for the little house under the hill!

Hearts that not trouble or sorrow could chill
Beat high in the little house under the hill.

'Twas gay when the Spring came with flowers and
leaves,
With buds in the bushes and birds in the eaves;

And gayer when soft light of Summer would fill
Each nook in the little house under the hill.

Hi for it! Ho for it! Hi for it still!

Hi for the little house under the hill!

Sweeter than roses that bloomed on the sill,
Lived love in the little house under the hill.

The fading of flowers, the fall of the leaf,
Never brought to the hearts in the little house grief,
For round the fireside when the Winter blew shrill
We drew in the little house under the hill.

Hi for it! Ho for it! Hi for it still!

Hi for the little house under the hill!

With song to enliven and story to thrill,
We laughed in the little house under the hill.

Souls loving dear Erin and hating her foes,
Eyes gay for her gladness or weeping her woes,
Hearts willing their blood for her freeing to spill,
Found home in the little house under the hill.

Hi for it! Ho for it! Hi for it still!

Hi for the little house under the hill!

For one day of daring our vows to fulfil
We longed in the little house under the hill.

Hi for the little house under the hill!

And hi for the true hearts that linger there still!
I'm praying for ever, through good and through ill,
To die in the little house under the hill.

Hi for it! Ho for it! Hi for it still!

Hi for the little house under the hill!

Had I the way now as I have the will,
I'd fly to the little house under the hill.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

Air—"KING O'TOOLE'S GANDER."

THEY say the British Empire deserves our high
esteem ;
They boast that on her confines wide, ne'er sets the
noonday beam :
And ask us if we will not share with grateful hearts
and gay,
The profits of her commerce vast, the glory of her
sway.

We do not love the Empire—our tastes are mighty
mean,
They cling with fond affection round one little isle
of green,
And might the light of Liberty but gild her emerald
shore,
The British Empire might go down in ruin evermore.

They say the British Empire owes much to Irish
hands,
That Irish valour fixed her flag o'er many conquered
lands ;
And ask if Erin has no pride in those her gallant
sons,
Her Wolseleys and her Lawrences, her Wolfes and
Wellingtons.

Ah, these were of the Empire—we yield them to her
claims,
And ne'er in Erin's orisons are heard their alien
names;
But those for whom her heart beats high, and bene-
dictions swell,
They died upon the scaffold, or they pined within
the cell.

They say the British Empire bears God's commission
high,
To guide the car of Progress far 'neath every spread-
ing sky,
That Commerce, Science, Art, and Laws, the know-
ledge of His Word,
Fast follow wheresoe'er she bears the Bible and the
Sword.

Go, ask the hapless Maori, why fades he from his
homes,
The Zulu, why no more his plains in happiness
he roams;
Go, ask the Hindoo why he starves amid his teeming
fields,
The Fellah, why he tastes not of the wealth his river
yields.

They'll tell you that the Empire is built on fraud
and wrong,
And every art by which the weak are crushed out by
the strong;

That you may trace her onward march through wreck
and waste and gore,
Through broken pledge, and perjured vow, and
plighted faith forswore.

What owe we to the Empire, ye men of Ireland, say ?
The galling of a contrast strong that deepens day
by day—
For her the spoils of conquest great, the laurels and
the gain,
For us the lash of tyranny, the gibbet and the chain.

We do not love the Empire—there's blood upon her
hands ;
There's guilt upon her gloomy brow, she trembles
where she stands ;
Nor friendship, love, nor bond, nor link, with her or
hers we claim,
We joy not in her victories, and blush not for her
shame.

God bless the little isle of green whose banner bears
no stain,
God lift her cause from out the dust where long
while it has lain ;
Oh, might the light of Liberty but bless her emerald
shore,
We'd sigh not if the Empire sank in ruin evermore.

A WAR CALL.

Air—"HASTE TO THE WEDDING."

LONG, long, palling and fatefully,
Draws on the night of our motherland's dole;
Strong, strong, galling and hatefully,
Lies the cold chain on the patriot's soul.
Nations the wide earth o'er,
Onward to freedom pour,
Full in the forefront of victory's tide;
But still, oh!
Erin lies low,
The foot of the foe on the neck of her pride!

See, see, wasted and desolate,
Village in ruin and town in decay,
We, we, weak and irresolute—
Shall we not strike ere our strength fades away?
Better one's blood to shed
Grasping a foeman dead
Than starve in a ditch or fly over the seas—
Oh, up! up!
Our foe of the cup
Of gall that he offers must sup to the lees.

What what were prayers availing e'er—
A threat for a deed, or a curse for a blow?
Not, not, to weeping or wailing e'er
Loosened the grasp of a pitiless foe.

Women have sighed for her,
Pleaded and cried for her,
Bards swept the chords of her sorrow and wrong;
But, come, come!
Poets, be dumb!
One roll of the drum is worth volumes of song.

Who, who, waiteth ingloriously
The day when no more shall his motherland grieve?
You, you, battling victoriously,
Soon shall a pathway to liberty cleave.
Scoffing our tyrants met
Prayers and pleading yet—
The flow of the pen, and the breath of the word;
But strike, strike!
'Tis little they'll like
The thrust of the pike or the sweep of the sword!

Now, now, Connaught and Ulster men,
Dawneth the day you long sighed for in vain
Vow, vow, Leinster and Munster men,
No more to bow 'neath the foreigner's chain!
Sun that with welcome glare
Flashes on sabres bare,
Ne'er shalt thou set on a nation of slaves!
Oh, on! on!
Ere daylight be gone,
They'll weave for us garlands or dig for us graves.

WHEN PAT COMES MARCHING HOME.

WHEN Pat comes marching home again
To claim his own,
No more afar to roam again,
Exiled, alone ;
From Eastern towns, from Western woods,
From Austral wilds, Canadian floods,
To claim his plundered rights and roods—
When Pat comes marching home.

When Pat comes marching home again,
No more a slave ;
A freeman now, a man of men,
Erect and brave ;
With brain to plan, and sword to bare,
With will to do, and heart to dare—
What greeting shall await him there
When Pat comes marching home.

The misty vales that shrouded wept
For Erin's woe—
The hills that mournful vigil kept,
His hour shall know,
Shall hear his voice, shall feel his tread,
Through crag's recess, and torrent's bed,
And tremble to their caverns dread,
When Pat comes marching home.

The rushing streams that silent sought
 The distant main,
In dreams of bygone battles fought
 On shore and plain,
Shall fill the vales with gladsome song,
Shall fret their banks in impulse strong,
Shall sweep in sovereign pride along,
 When Pat comes marching home

The cities desolate and lone
 Where reigned despair,
Through silent streets with grass o'ergrown,
 And desert square,
Shall open wide their portals proud,
Shall fill again with busy crowd,
Shall echo din of commerce loud
 When Pat comes marching home.

The homeless homes that sightless stand
 By waysides lone,
Whose souls to many a far-off land
 Longwhile have flown,
Shall glow again in sunshine bright,
Shall ring with song, shall fill with light,
Shall shine out on the pilgrim's night
 When Pat comes marching home.

The very dead in ditch and grave
 Whose bones are mould,
The martyr tried, the hero brave,
 The minstrel old,

Shall wake to life, to light, and mirth,
Unseen, unheard, shall walk the earth,
To greet our new-found Freedom's birth
When Pat comes marching home.

O ye who toil in gloom and night
For Erin's cause,
To free her from the wasting blight
Of alien laws !
Toil on, hope on, in steadfast cheer,
The night flies past, the day is near
That true men wait, that foemen fear,
When Pat comes marching home !

IFS AND ANDS.

If Ifs and Ands were fingers and hands,
 'Tis soon our land would be freed from thrall ;
The ceaseless tears of the countless years
 No more down her wasted cheeks would fall.
But lowly she lies, and heavy her sighs,
 And vain are her cries for her children's aid ;
For her sons are meek, and but boast and speak,
 And their arms are weak and their souls afraid.

If Ifs and Ands were houses and lands,
 No longer the Celt should in exile roam ;
For evermore blest with the fairest and best,
 Contented he'd rest in his island home.
But sadly and lone o'er the earth, *mavrone* !
 He wanders unknown beneath every star,
And his yearning eyes seek the distant skies,
 And his heart ever sighs for his home afar.

If Ifs and Ands were magical wands,
 'Tis soon the face of our isle would change ;
Bright hearts would glow where the cattle low,
 And the song would flow where the sheep now
 range.
But wasted and still lie green vale and hill,
 As wrecked by the will of a ruthless host,
And the life has flown from her cities lone,
 And the sad seas moan on her shipless coast.

But Ifs and Ands are but Ifs and Ands,
As many as sands, and as fruitless all,
And a nation that stands but by Ifs and Ands
May pine in its bonds till the Judgment Call ;
While each moment brings on its fleeting wings
Fresh chances of things to be dared and done,
And wisdom exacts that the fabric of facts
Not in *wishes* but ACTS must be woven and spun.

Oh, Ifs and Ands are but Ifs and Ands !
And our cause demands that we dream no more,
But labour and strive, and think and contrive,
How the foe to drive from our native shore.
Then up, men, and DO—if your hearts are but true,
Not one of you all but our Erin needs ;
And freedom and lands, both shall lie in our hands,
When our Ifs and our Ands become Words and
Deeds.

THADY THE GANDER.

Oh, Thady the Gander,
 He's like a Highlander,
 His legs like a swallow, his neck like a drake ;
 Yet from Wexford to Derry,
 From Antrim to Kerry,
 There isn't a *cailin* but sighs for his sake.

There's no merry-making,
 No wedding nor waking,
 Of lady or peasant, complate till he's present ;
 He might flourish in clover
 Ould Ireland all over,
 His face is so welcome, his laugh is so pleasant.

He bates Johnny Cusack
 At all sorts of music—
 The pipes and the chanter, the flute and the fiddle.
 Two jew-harps he'd finger
 Till Ould Time would linger
 To hear his "Moll Roe," or "Come, step down the
 middle."

The sight from your eyes, man,
 Would start with surprise, man,
 To follow his feet when he's jigging or reeling ;
 'Twould drive your brain frantic
 To watch every antic—
 The twisting and turning, the toeing and heeling.

There isn't a story
Of love, war, or glory,
But Thady could spin it, you'd think he was in it;
And sure, what with all his
Ould songs and come-all-yes
A long winter night would slip by like a minute.

No ancient tradition
Of Fionn or of Oisin,
Of Diarmid or Grainne but he could recite you;
And legends of towers,
Forts, castles, and bowers
He'd tell you for hours, by the powers 'twould delight
you.

Nine yards of a mearing
He'd take at a clearing,
Just fly o'er it aisy, and not hurt a daisy;
He bates all that's going
At hurling and throwing,
And but he's too lazy, would set Europe crazy.

Six boys from the Curragh
He left in a furrow,
Without breath or raison, begor, it was treason!
Faith, just for distraction,
He'd leather a faction,
His kippeen for action was always in saison.

'Twould be better, begorra,
An earthquake to-morrow
Would scatter your lavins from Howth to Berehaven,
Than a crack of that kippeen
Come on your skull slipping,
Why Solomon's self 'twould send stark staring raving!

He climbed Cairn Tual
In winter most cruel ;
He can dive like a dipper as swift as an arrow,
And well I remember
The day in December
He swam Galway Bay from Salt Hill to Kinvara.

He can handle a hooker,
Reef, steer, and o'erlook her,
Knows all the west coasts, and the boulders around
them ;
A warship he'd pilot
Safe through every islet,
And not strike on rocks, letting on that he found them.

He can plough, reap, and harrow,
Fill cart, car, or barrow,
With any four men of his age and dimensions ;
Troth, there was no standing
The Murphys from Bandon,
Till he bate them complate, and brought down their
pretensions.

But what use in talking,
'Tis time I was walking,
I might just, like this, to the last day meander :
'Twould take a whole nation
To tell through duration,
The qualifications of Thady the Gander.

ERIN ASTHORE.

Air—"TOP OF CORK ROAD."

NATURE in many a favoured locality
 Scatters her treasures in rich prodigality :
 But I'll maintain it, without partiality,

 You have the pick of them, Erin asthore !
 Mountains of pride where the wild torrent falls ;
 Valleys of joy where the mellow thrush calls ;
 Woodland and hazel dell ;
 Rathes where the fairies dwell ;
 Isles where the angels might rest evermore !

CHORUS.

Health and success to you, Erin asthore !
 Freedom illumine your valleys once more !
 Comfort and ease to you,
 Power and peace to you,
 Glory increase to you, Erin asthore !

Sons you have, Erin, of strength and capacity,
 Famed in all ages for wit and vivacity,
 Beating the nations in deeds of audacity

 In every land that lies under the sun ;
 Cailins whose souls in their love-lighting eyes
 Shine pure as stars in thy midsummer skies ;
 True hearts unaltering ;
 Faith never faltering ;
Cead mile failte for every one.

Chorus.

Sad is your lot to be lying in slavery,
After long years of hard fighting and bravery,
Wrecked by oppression and plundered by knavery,
 Crushed 'neath the yoke of the foreigner's laws;
But there are friends for you, Erin asthore,
Hopeful and wakeful the wide world o'er,
 Spreading the light for you,
 Striving for right for you,
Willing to fight for your long-stricken cause.

Chorus.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

[Supposed to be sung at a friendly meeting on the 17th March, 1863, of Irish regiments engaged on both sides in the American Civil War.]

Oh, sons of one green isle far o'er the blue water,
How strange is the fate that permits us to-day
One moment to snatch ere the red hour of slaughter
Shall summon again to the passion-sweet fray !

Here, brothers, we stand,
And hánd graspeth hand,
And hearts swell with pride, and the gravest are gay ;
United are those

Whom the dawn shall find foes—

Oh ! fill up the cup ! o'er its brim be forgotten
All memories save those that should Irish hearts
sway ;

Here's the thoughts and the hopes of this meeting
begotten,

That link us in love on St. Patrick's Day !

What visions to-day of the old land throng round us,
The stout hearts and kind that we left long ago ;
The scenes ever fair where our happy youth found us,
Where Shannon, and Barrow, and Foyle's waters
flow.

But sad is the land,
For a God-accurst band
Has changed her joy-song to the wild wail of woe,
And far over the wave
Forced her gentle and brave—

But fill up the cup ! though in sorrow and sadness
We saw her shores fade o'er the fast-driving spray,

Here's the never-lost hope that we'll come back in
gladness,

And crown her with Freedom some Patrick's Day.

When forced from our home by the laws of the
stranger,

Kind welcome we found in this land of the brave,
And now in her people's dark moment of danger

Our swords are unsheathed their glory to save ;

Their laws are our laws,

Their cause is our cause,

They gave us a home and may find us a grave ;

Be their flag what it may,

And their coat blue or grey—

Oh ! fill up the cup ! Here's "Columbia for ever !"

May heaven still wide spread her glory and sway,
And soon end the strife and the discord that sever

Her sons, North and South, on this Patrick's Day !

But, oh ! there's a cause we hold dearer and older,

That nerves us our place in this struggle to fill !

To train for the day, boys, when shoulder to shoulder,

We'll fight for our own on some green Irish hill ;

And chase the vile band

That have wasted our land

Through centuries long of oppression and ill ;

And lift the Green Flag

O'er the red pirate rag—

Oh ! fill up the cup ! Here's the high hope we
cherish,

To strike every link of her fetters away,

And see the last shred of the tyrant's rule perish,

And Erin rise free on St. Patrick's Day.

LITTLE MARY CASSIDY.

Air—"THE LITTLE STACK OF BARLEY."

OH, 'tis little Mary Cassidy's the cause of all my
misery,

And the raison that I am not now the boy I used
to be ;

Oh, she bates the beauties all that we read about in
history,

And sure half the country-side is as lost for her
as me.

Travel Ireland up and down—hill, village, vale, and
town—

Fairer than the "cailin donn" you'll be looking
for in vain ;

Oh, I'd rather live in poverty with little Mary
Cassidy

Than emperor, without her be, 'o'er Germany or
Spain.

'Twas at the dance at Darmody's that first I caught
a sight of her,

And heard her sing the "Droighnean Donn," till
tears came in my eyes,

And ever since that blessed hour I'm dreaming day
and night of her ;

The divil a wink of sleep at all I get from bed to
rise.

Cheeks like the rose in June, song like the lark in
tune,

Working, resting, night or noon, she never laves
my mind ;

Oh, till singing by my cabin fire sits little Mary
Cassidy,

'Tis little aise or happiness I'm sure I'll ever find.

What is wealth, what is fame, what is all that people
fight about,

To a kind word from her lips or a love-glance from
her eye ?

Oh, though troubles throng my breast, sure they'd
soon go to the right-about,

If I thought the curly head would be resting there
by'n'bye.

Take all I own to-day—kith, kin, and care away,

Ship them across the say, or to the frozen zone :

Lave me an orphan bare—but lave me *Mary Cassidy*,

I never would feel lonesome with the two of us
alone.

KING SONG.

THEY say the Reign of Song is o'er,
That mortals own his sway no more,
That science grim and learned lore
Have robbed him of his ruling :
They say that men have grown too wise
To view the world through poets' eyes--
That poets' raptures, poets' sighs,
Are but the veriest fooling.

Men read the skies, the planets weigh,
The lightning in its flight portray,
They analyse the light of day,
The glow of bud and flower.
Their lords to-day are Steel and Steam,
Their mental light, th' electric beam,
And Fancy is a myth, a dream,
Long shorn of life and power.

Believe me, friends, it is not so—
King Song still reigns on earth below,
As when in Eden, long ago,
He ruled Elysium fleeting ;
When linnet's song and streamlet's flow,
And whispering leaf, and noontide glow,
Unstained by sin, undimmed by woe,
Awoke to give him greeting.

King Song still reigns in majesty
In every land from sea to sea,
His rule on no false pedigree,
But right divine is founded ;

His crown is not of gems or gold,
Nor is he girt by hirelings cold,
But comrades sterling, true, and old,
As ever a king surrounded.

No tyrant autocrat is he,
But kind a king as kind can be,
Of manners winning, frank, and free—
Nor frown nor scowl he weareth.
A simple heart is in his breast;
He loves all homely things the best;
The lonely and the sore opprest,
He nourisheth and careth.

His hate is deep for crime and wrong;
His brain is clear, his arm is strong:
His memory is sure and long;
His fateful time he bideth.
His weapons keen the foe to smite,
Are wrath and scorn and satire bright:
The secret wrong he brings to light,
How close so'er it hideth.

He loves his subjects high and low,
He visits them in humble show,
He solaces the gloom of woe,
And weans the heart from sadness.
And, oh! the joy his presence flings
O'er souls where calm contentment springs;
What stores of sweet delight he brings
To swell their tide of gladness.

The secrets of the earth he knows—
The mystery of star and rose—
An inner world his words disclose
 Beyond the ken of science.
And gladly he'll his lore impart,
His lessons speak to mind and heart
With some sweet art concealing art
 That wins the soul's compliance.

Oh, yes! King Song still reigns to-day,
And millions own his blissful sway,
And tribute due, and homage pay
 In faithful, fond endeavour.
March, Science! march thy road along,
And draw thy crowds in gaping throng—
More happy we who hail King Song,
 Oh, live King Song for ever!

THE BLACKBIRD.

Air—"THE BLACKBIRD."

THE Maytime is come, and the gay flowers are
springing,
And wild birds are singing their loving notes
o'er;
But all the day long through my lone heart is
ringing
The voice of my blackbird I'll never see more.
While cailins and boys through the green fields are
hieing
I'm cheerlessly spinning and wearily sighing,
I think of the grave where my true love is lying—
My Blackbird, my Blackbird I'll never see more.

Dark, dark was his hair as the plume of the raven,
Bright, bright was his glance as the sunbeam
above,
His soul owned no thought that was selfish or craven,
His fond heart beat true to his land and his love;
And, oh, his sweet song like the mountain-stream
gushing,
Now leaping in gladness, now gloomily rushing,
Mavrone, that Death's hand should the loved notes
be hushing—
My Blackbird, the peerless in Erin's green grove.

Though lovers in plenty my favour are wooing,

With riches and rank and the land's rarest store,
I'm blind to their fond looks and deaf to their sueing,

My Blackbird I see and I hear evermore.

Oh, if the dear Virgin, no longer denying,

Will grant me the wish of my heart's dearest sighing,

Soon, soon by the side of my love I'll be lying,

My Blackbird, my Blackbird, to part never more.

SHANE O'NEILL'S DEFIANCE.

(A.D. 1566.)

[The character of Shane O'Neill, Prince of Ulster, has been drawn in the darkest colours by the English historians. The fact that he was a thorough hater of English rule explains much of their bitterness, while it suffices with most Irishmen to cover a multitude of his sins. He many times met and defeated the proudest of Elizabeth's generals, and while he lived kept Ulster free from foreign dominion.]

SHE offers pardon, friendship, grace,
If we now come before her throne,
And bend the knee in homage base,
And all our ancient rights disown ;
But if that we refuse to kneel,
She'll loose the vials of her wrath,
And gird us round with fire and steel,
And sweep us from her royal path.

If hate could kill, if will could win,
Then Shane were slain, Tir-Eoghain lost ;
But proudly still, on fort and hill,
The Red Hand dares the foeman's host ;
And Shane still lives, and holds his own,
And ere his heart or hatred fail,
Or earth shall hear his dying groan—
His sword shall widow half the Pale.

Forgets this keen she-fox the day,
In Bally-London's royal place,
When, 'midst her pomp and bright array,
We stood and met her face to face.
Her silken lords our bearing mocked,
And smiled askance, but held their breath;
We gripped our skians, it little lacked
The knaves had grinned the grin of death.

I told her then, I tell her now—
O'Neills were monarchs of the North
Ere guilt sat throned on Norman brow,
Or hell yet spewed a Saxon forth:
Lords not by English grace or law,
But by a tenure centuries old—
Their clansmen's love, their foemen's awe,
The sword to win, the wit to hold.

What though, in shame to Niall's race,
My father kissed her father's hands,
And bent his neck for titles base,
And yielded up his tribal lands.
He took what it were shame to wear—
He gave what was not his to yield—
And, by the Cross, his son shall dare
To mend his fault in town and field.

Her Grace was kind, she talked and smiled,
And vowed us friendship, honours, place—
But woe to Irish heart beguiled
To trust in one of Saxon race.

By secret ways she sought my life,
And ill defence her pledges fine,
Had I but met her hireling's knife,
Or drank too deep of Essex' wine.

Against us march her veterans old,
Thicker than leaves in Trinch's wood,
And round us, primed with English gold,
Press hard her tools of Irish blood.
Traitors, who tighter forge your thrall !
Dogs, whom our lash has often cowed !
Our strong right hand shall speed ye all
To howl in hell for Shane the Proud.

Aye, "Proud" to-day, as in the hour
When through Ardmacha's gates we burst,
And in the blaze of church and tower
Trampled in gore her flag accurst ;
Made of the Pale a wailing waste,
Swept Uriel of Saxons free,
And Essex and his redcoats chased
Like hunted hares to Athacliath.

Likes she our speech ? Faugh ! words are wind ;
Bear thou my tale, good axe of mine,
Whose keen tongue oft has told my mind,
Cleaving thy way from crest to chine.
And see, where o'er Drumsaileach's height,
Troops to his doom the welcome foe—
Fly out, *Red Hand* ! ere falls the night
Our blades shall shame thy crimson glow !

SWEETHEART.

"SWEETHEART! Sweetheart! How low the word,"
I said unto myself one day;
"There nothing can be more absurd
Than this dull word that lovers say.
The very weed upon the walk—
The very sparrow on the tree—
The foolish talk that children talk,
Are nobler far than this to me.

"Can lovers find no fitter phrase
To tell their thrilling tenderness,
The joy that fills the sunlit days
And dreamy nights with happiness?
Oh, sure the word is only fit
For love that blossoms but a day,
For lovers dull and lacking wit,
For bliss that glows and fades away!"

Then oh, one day, dear Kate, sweet Kate,
I saw your face, looked in your eyes,
And love lay in their depths in wait,
And stole upon me by surprise—
And filled my heart, and filled my mind,
And filled my life with light unknown,
And in thy hand my heart resigned
And I was evermore thine own.

Then came the days with joy replete,
When every dawn rose pure and fair,
And noon spread flowers round our feet,
And perfume in the balmy air.
And every eve, the setting sun
Lingered to kiss your face divine ;
And every night came one by one
The stars to see what bliss was mine.

Then came the sweetest hour of all,
When sailed the queenly moon above,
And silence on our hearts would fall—
The hush, the calm, the peace of love.
The tender sigh, the clinging kiss,
The murmured word—affection's own,
When all the earth seemed steeped in bliss,
And fairyland around us thrown.

Oh, then, dear Kate, my own dear Kate,
What word found I my love to tell,
To speak the joy that early, late,
With triumph made my fond breast swell.
To say how dear you were to me ;
How in my soul you reigned alone,
And would as long as time should be—
Nor peer nor rival near your throne.

I blush to think—it was the word
I one time thought so dull and low,
The very word that most absurd,
I deemed of all on earth below.

The weed upon the highway walk—
The sparrow on the tree-top o'er—
The foolish talk that children talk—
'Twas "Sweetheart! Sweetheart!" evermore.

Yes, "Sweetheart! Sweetheart!" evermore;
And "Sweetheart! Sweetheart!" early, late;
'Twas "Sweetheart! Sweetheart!" o'er and o'er,
Most fitting for my Sweetheart, Kate.
For now the word in beauty grew,
And blossomed as the lily fair,
And held the freshness of the dew,
The music of the lark in air.

Oh, Sweetheart, may our lives glide by
Ever in love and constancy,
With summer's light and cloudless sky,
And each to each true-hearted be.
For you are *sweet* as May-day flower,
With *heart* most tender, true, and pure,
And evermore, through sun and shower,
Oh, Sweetheart, may our love endure.

THE SCARECROWS.

Air—"THE SHAMROCK."

O'ER Erin's Isle, in rule awhile,
What British knaves have blundered,
Their State misused, and power abused—
And prisoned, packed, and plundered !
But soon or late, they met the fate
That Evil in despair knows ;
We tore in rags their tinsel tags,
And set them up as scarecrows.
Oh, the scarecrows !
No wind that foul or fair blows,
But shakes awhile
The tatters vile
Of Ireland's sorry scarecrows.

First Forster came, and linked his name
With certain ammunition,
His burly nod sent folks to quod, .
Of high and low condition,
Yet came the day when far away,
We saw the Yorkshire bear go,
And take his place in dire disgrace
A grim and gruffy scarecrow !
Oh, the scarecrow !
No village bantam dare crow,
Till Buckshot fell
In Failure's Hell
From which ne'er rose a scarecrow

Came Cowper next with tidy text
 (To gospel writ a stranger),
Deep under ground to drive where found
 All discontent and danger ;
But if he did, the seeds he hid
 The morrow saw in air grow,
While prospects marred he mounted guard,
 A most disgusted scarecrow.
 Oh, the scarecrow !
 Can annals anywhere show
 A weaker fool
 Sent, *men* to rule,
 Than this poor, ragged scarecrow ?

Trevelyan tried, sneered, whined, and lied
 To please his precious master,
But "Indian Meal" nor "even keel"
 Could save him from disaster.
Alas, poor Pinch ! we, inch by inch,
 Brought you to wreck and care low,
It seems to me, of all the three,
 You made the meanest scarecrow.
 Oh, the scarecrow !
 We'd honour give to fair foe ;
 But scorn and hate
 Must ever wait
 The memory of this scarecrow.

Not last nor least, the great Arch-Priest,
 Of red and raw repression,
Whom Fame shall yoke with deeds unspoke
 And devil-wrought transgression ;

Ah, Foxy Jack, your British pack,
Shall shortly in the rear go,
Of him who fled, in gloom and dread,
A foiled and beaten scarecrow.
Oh, the scarecrow !
Our boys from Howth to Clare crow,
To hear the joints
Of Johnny Poyntz
Groan dry like any scarecrow.

So friends shall fall the strangers all,
Who seek to crush our nation ;
Nor rope nor " soap " can hope to cope
With grim determination ;
And while our tree of liberty,
More branching green and fair grows,
Our museum shall full become
With sick and sorry scarecrows.
Oh, the scarecrows
No wind that foul or fair blows,
But shakes awhile
The tatters vile
Of Ireland's sorry scarecrows.

HOME LONGINGS.

THE hot sun beats on torrid square ;
The noon is faint with August heat ;
The tired eyes shun the pavement glare ;
No friendly shade in lane or street.

I walk amidst the endless crowd ;
Strange faces pass like visions by ;
The din of toil rings harsh and loud ;
The roar of traffic far and nigh.

I walk apart—I dream alone,
Unheeding, heedless, and unscanned ;
Unknowning, careless to be known—
A stranger in the strangers' land.

Oh, what to me are wealth's array,
Or petty joys that aliens please ?
My longing heart flies far away,
Far o'er the hills, far o'er the seas.

I see through hot unbidden tears
The scenes, the friends of long ago,
My soul loved in the buried years,
Ere life had lost its springtide glow.

I stand upon the hills of Clare ;
The broad, blue ocean sweeps beneath
I drink the light of sea and air,
The perfume of the purple heath.

The lark sings in the blue expanse,
And seeks the far-off, fitful skies;
Along the lakes the sunbeams dance;
The mists from dim, deep valleys rise.

I bend above the limpid wave;
I kneel beside St. Patrick's well;
I pray o'er many a grass-grown grave;
I hear the distant chapel bell.

I hear the voices of the past;
The greeting fond, the kindly tone;
And youth and hope, too bright to last,
Are once again mine own, mine own!

O faded days! how bright ye shone;
No morn of gloom, no eve of tears;
But wreaths of joy, now pale and wan,
Bedecked ye through the fleeting years.

O gladsome years! how swift ye passed,
In Springs of promise, fresh with flowers,
And Summers that ne'er knew the blast
Of Autumn's touch or Winter's hours.

O severed friends! I'll roam the earth
Ere I shall meet your like again—
The hearts of love and light and mirth,
That closer clung in grief and pain.

O land unseen! my heart is thine;
None else its love shall ever claim;
Apart from thee I hourly pine,
I live—in seeming and in name.

O city, city, dull and grey,
Not long I'll roam your streets alone,
I may not stay—my heart's away,
And I must follow where 't has flown.

Sing, soaring lark, in Heaven's blue ;
Break, foam-tipped billows, on the strand ;
Wake, verdant vales, your echoes true—
An exile soon shall midst you stand.

And though old friends be dead and gone,
You'll bring him youth and hope again ;
And all the gloom of later years
Shall vanish like a vision vain.

ERIN FREE.

Air—"AND DOTH NOT A MEETING."

LAST night as I pondered in sorrow and dole,
A-grieving for Erin, her thralldom and pains,
A vision of glory stole over my soul—
I thought she was free and no longer in chains.
Past was the night of her bondage and woe,
And dawned had the morrow we're longing to see;
All nature rejoiced in the fall of her foe,
And birds in the bushes sang "Erin is Free!"

I looked down the valley where want used to reign
In ruin and grief through the desolate years;
And happy homes smiled amid fields of ripe grain,
And laughter and song floated up to my ears.
The bonfires were blazing along the hillside,
And the boys and the cailins were dancing in glee,
And the old people weeping with gladness and pride,
That Heaven had spared them till Erin was free.

I looked on the hill for the castle that frowned
Through ages of hate on the serfs of the land;
Its halls were all lonely, and echoed no sound,
Its haughty and mighty were humbled or banned
Afar on the ocean a thousand white sail
Were bearing glad exiles from over the sea,
The hymn of their triumph rose high on the gale—
"Be glad, O ye nations! our Erin is free!"

And oh ! my heart leaped when I saw down the glen
An army of valour pour into the plain ;
And proud in their van rode the leader of men,
Whose bright sword had riven her fetters in twain.
“ O, Erin ! ” I cried, “ how thy sons must rejoice
This hour of thy pride and thy glory to see ! ”
But the bright vision fled at the sound of my voice,
And ah ! 'twas a dream that my Erin was free !

O sea-severed sons of our sorrowing land,
If surely you wish that my dream should come true,
Vow now in her service brave heart and strong hand,
And all things for Erin to dare and to do.
Her glory, the theme of your hopes and your sighs ;
Her freedom, the aim of your lives ever be—
And soon from her slumber of ages she'll rise,
And stand 'mid the nations, unfettered and free.

GARRYOWEN-NA-GLORIA.

Oh, many a land
Once great and grand
Has bowed to foreign master,
And many a fight
'Gainst tyrant might
Has sunk in dire disaster;
But one, I hold,
Creation-old,
One land, one cause, one story,
Still lives, still glows,
Still thrives and grows,
'Tis Garryowen-na-Gloria!
'Tis Garryowen,
Our pride, our own,
'Tis Garryowen-na-Gloria!

By Nature blest,
In verdure drest,
She crests the Western waters.
Oh, fairer far
Than dawn-stars, are
Her guileless-hearted daughters.
Her bare-breast sons
Have faced the guns
In many a battle gory;
Stood man to man,
In valour's van,
For Garryowen-na-Gloria!
For Garryowen
They held their own,
For Garryowen-na-Gloria!

Irish Songs and Poems.

Mavrone ! the isle,
Through fraud and guile,
Has lost her olden splendour,
And scattered far
'Neath many a star,
Are those who dare befriend her.
But, mark me, men,
She'll rise again,
Unsullied still her story,
Till peerless stands
'Mid freeborn lands
Our Garryowen-na-Gloria !
For Garryowen
We'll build a throne,
Dear Garryowen-na-Gloria !

Oh, many a land
Now great and grand
Shall sink in stream of ages,
And many a name
Of pride and fame
Shall fade from history's pages ;
But Earth shall reel
At Judgment peal
In wreck and ruin hoary,
Ere fades, ere dies,
Ere lowly lies,
Our Garryowen-na-Gloria !
Oh, Garryowen,
She'll reign alone,
Proud Garryowen-na-Gloria !

THE FALLING LEAVES.

Air—"THE BOYNE WATER."

THE Autumn day far down the West
Mid crimson clouds is dying;
The wild bird seeks his lonely nest,
Where winds are sadly sighing.
In thicket lone his farewell lay
I hear the blackbird calling,
And round me, as I musing stray,
The leaves are falling, falling.

Oh, fast they cleave the twilight air,
Red, crimson, brown, and yellow;
From boughs where shone the blossom fair,
Or hung the ripe fruit mellow.
They die like hopes of long ago,
The sombre upland palling—
Oh, but my heart is sad and low,
While Autumn leaves are falling!

I think of Spring days past and gone,
With friends too dearly cherished;
Of Summer noons that fleeting shone,
And Summer flowers that perished.
And memory wraps my soul in gloom
The olden times recalling,
" 'Twere well," I cry, " my hour should come
While joys and leaves are falling."

But from the glen the blackbird's lay
Seems to my spirit saying :
" These hours of grief shall pass away,
And Winter change to Maying.
Fresh buds shall clothe the groves anew,
And birds their mates be calling,
And woods be green, and skies be blue,
Where now the leaves are falling."

And from my heart as from a tomb,
Rolls back the stone of sorrow,
Hope lights her lamp amidst the gloom,
And shows a sunlit morrow.
When newer pleasures shall replace
Those gone beyond recalling,
And brighter Summers show no trace
Of Autumn leaves now falling.

KILLINEY FAR AWAY.

To Killiney far away flies my fond heart night and
day,

To ramble light and happy through its fields and
dells ;

For here life smiles in vain, and earth's a land of
pain,

While all that's bright in Erin in Killiney dwells.

In Killiney in the West has a linnet sweet her nest,

And her song makes all the wild birds in the green
wood dumb ;

To the captive without cheer, it were freedom but to
hear,

Such sorrow-soothing music from her fair throat
come.

In Killiney's bower blows a blushing, budding rose,

With perfume of the rarest that the June day
yields ;

And none who pass the way, but sighing wish that
they

Might cull that fragrant flower of the dewy fields.

Through Killiney's meadows pass, on their way to
early Mass,

Like twin stars 'mid the grass, two small feet bare ;
And angel-pure the heart, where the murmured Aves
start

On their wingéd way to Heaven from the chapel
there.

The pride of Irish girls is the dear brown head of
curls,

The pearl white of pearls, *stoirin bdn mo chroidhe* ;
As bright-browed as the dawn, and as meek-eyed as
the fawn,

And as graceful as the swan gliding on to sea.

Not for jewels nor for gold, nor for hoarded wealth
untold,

Not for all that mortals hold most desired and dear,
Would I my share forego in the loving heart aglow,
That beats beneath the snow of her bosom fair.

Soon Killiney will you weep—for I'll know not rest
nor sleep,

Till swiftly o'er the deep I with white sails come,
To win the linnet sweet, and the two white twinkling
feet,

And the heart with true love beating, to my far-off
home.

And O ! farewell to care, when the rose of perfume
rare,

And the dear brown curling hair on my proud
breast lie ;

Then Killiney far away, never more by night or day,
To thy skies, or dark or gray, shall my fond heart
fly.

A HOTTENTOT.

TO MY LORD SALISBURY.

My gracious lord, a Hottentot
Dares these few lines address to you,
The feelings of this "Irish lot"
Most humbly to express to you ;
And if herein profound respect
I fail to show, pray blame me not,
The hope were wrecked that could expect
Much better from a—Hottentot ;
A Hottentot, a Hottentot,
A shifting, shuffling Sans-culotte,
Who lacks the grace
That parts the race
Of Saxons from the Hottentot.

Since first your fathers touched our strand,
A pattern plain they set alway
Of every crime that stalks the land,
And every vice that shuns the day ;
And if in lapse of centuries,
Our race has not th' infection caught,
We can but plead on bended knees
Our nature densely—Hottentot !
To Hottentots, to Hottentots,
Dear God but little brains allots,
To Saxon ways,
We all our days
Preferred to act like—Hottentots.

You grabbed our fields in peace and war,
You crushed our trade in jealous haste;
You sent us o'er the earth afar,
You made our isle a howling waste;
You banned the Church, you banned the school,
And cast us from our wretched cots—
Small blame if we beneath your rule
Developed into Hottentots;
A Hottentot, a Hottentot,
Of fraud, and force, and wrong begot—
What grander plan
To breed in man
The virtues of a Hottentot!

And Hottentots we therefore grew,
Loving our land as 'twere our life,
Shocking full oft your thieving crew
In stern if in fitful strife;
Spurning your titles, bribes, and fame,
Vowing, let come no matter what,
That ere we'd shame our ruler's name
We'd live and die mere Hottentots:
Mere stubborn stiff-necked Hottentots,
Whoshould be squelched, but who would not;
To kindness—mild,
'Neath insult—wild,
Unmitigated Hottentots.

Had you the way as you've the will,
You'd do, my lord, as Cromwell did,
Till every Irish town and hill
Of Irish would be wholly rid.

In heaped-up graves on foreign shore
Our very names would be forgot,
And Saxons chant for evermore
The downfall of the Hottentot;
The Hottentot, the Hottentot,
And yet to-day earth holds no spot
Where curses strong
On English wrong
Break not from exiled Hottentot.

My lord, you'll do the worst you dare;
My lord, we'll fight the best we can;
We've little love to spend or spare,
We'll meet you on the olden plan.
If war it be, 'twere well begun,
We face our fate no matter what;
If one fall ere the fight is done,
I doubt 'twill be the Hottentot.
The Hottentot, the Hottentot,
A sword once cut the Gordian knot,
And once again
May cleave the chain
That binds the Rebel Hottentot.

WE'LL FREE HER YET.

Air—"THE BED OF FEATHERS AND CORDS."

(The British Grenadiers.)

O sons and friends of Innisfail,
Who labour for her righting,
With hearts that will not sink or quail,
And souls there's no affrighting !
If wearily and drearily
Her night of woe still finds her ;
Oh ! never fret—we'll free her yet
From every link that binds her.
We'll free her yet—we'll free her yet
From all her tribulations !
We'll free her yet and proudly set
The old land midst the nations !

In days of old our green and gold
Dazed blind the Danish raven,
And never rolled one spotless fold
O'er heart of knave or craven ;
But gloriously, victoriously,
It streamed o'er vale and highland,
Till, sea to sea, smiled Erin free,
A proud, unsullied island.
We'll free her yet—we'll free her yet
From every link upon her !
We'll free her yet, and never let
That flag fall in dishonour !

If after years brought strife and tears,
And Norman fraud and plunder,
The tortures worst of rule accurst,
Ne'er brought our stout race under ;
But solidly and stolidly,
With grim and grand persistence,
They bravely fought, and gravely taught
The lesson of resistance.
We'll free her yet—we'll free her yet,
No alien aid beseeching !
We'll free her yet, and ne'er forget,
Our fathers' holy teaching !

Our hearts to-day are light and gay,
And dare the worst disaster ;
We've friends *go leor* the wide world o'er,
Who own no foreign master ;
And readily and steadily
We'll toil in love united,
Through good and ill, for Ireland still,
Till all her wrongs are righted.
We'll free her yet—we'll free her yet,
We've strength, and youth, and patience !
We'll free her yet, and proudly set
The old land 'midst the nations.

MY TERRY.

LAST night as I came up the boreen,
I met with a boy bold and brave,
Who called me his "love" and his "storeen,"
And kissed me without "by your lave;"
And though I was vexed with him—very,
I chided him softly and low,
For who could be angry with Terry?
Not this little *cailin*, I know.

My Terry's a heart with love laden,
And eyes full of fondness and fun,
And tongue to beguile any maiden,
And smile like the light of the sun.
His cheek has the blush of the cherry,
His hair has the hue of the sloe—
The girls are all wild about Terry,
But who is his own love, I know.

My Terry is honest and clever;
His like in a fair can't be found;
He can dance all the dances that ever
Were stepped upon Ireland's green ground.
His stories so sad and so merry,
Make long years like summer-days flow—
Oh, there's one that is whispered by Terry,
I'd never be tired of, I know.

My Terry 's the boast of the county,
And peer for the best in the land ;
He's 'holden to nobody's bounty,
But takes with the stoutest his stand.
'Tis king he would be over Kerry,
Had he lived in the days long ago—
Sure that would be grand for my Terry ;
But how about some one I know ?

Though Ireland's the pulse of his being,
So hot is his hate for her foe,
That less will he welcome her freeing,
If it be not won with a blow.
But till from Dungarvan to Derry,
Her lordly oppressors lie low,
There'll be little resting for Terry,
But plotting their downfall, I know.

Some day of my life I am *dreading*,
My Terry will whisper and say,
That surely 'tis time for the wedding
We've talked of this many a day.
Oh ! my head in his bosom I'll bury
To hide my proud heart's happy glow ;
And whatever I'll say then to Terry,
I know that it will not be "No."

LOVE'S SEASONS.

He stood at the gate of my heart,
When buds on the waiting boughs came ;
His song knew no cunning nor art,
But sweetly it whispered my name.
I blushed with delight while I heard,
I trembled in pleasing unrest,
And love in my beating heart stirred,
Like newly-fledged bird in its nest.

He knocked at the door of my heart
When summer came down the green glen ;
I flung wide its portals apart,
And gladly I welcomed him in.
His smile was the light of the land,
His tears were the dew from the sky ;
I gave him my heart and my hand—
O maidens, how could I deny ?

He sat in the home of my heart,
When woods waved in crimson and gold,
My life of his being a part,
Wrapped tenderly fold within fold.
The trees had no treasure more sweet,
The fields had no goodlier store
Than love laid that day at our feet,
To have and to hold evermore.

He reigns in the throne of my heart,
My lover, my lord, and my own !
We reckon not though song-birds depart,
We grieve not for summer hours flown.
United through burgeon and fall,
Contented through shadow and shine,
O maidens, I would for you all,
Your lot were as happy as mine.

NORA.

Air—"JUDY CALLAGHAN."

Oro, Nora agra,
Give over now your joking !
Faith, I never saw
A *cailin* more provoking.
Come and sit down by me,
And listen now to raison,
Sure, hung and drawn I'd be
If loving you was high treason.

CHORUS.

Oro, Nora machree,
I don't know for the life o' me
How I'll aisy be
Until I make my wife o' ye !

Haven't we courtin' been
Since we were stand-aloneens,
Roaming the fields so green,
Picking the haws and noneens ?
Often we'd stray away,
No one taking care of us ;
And oh ! do you mind the day
We fell in the bog the pair of us

Oro, Nora, &c.

And do you forget the night,
That snug in your little shawleen,
We watched the lightning bright,
Sheltered behind the walleen ?
Although it howled and growled,
'Tis little it did appal us,
I told you my stories ould,
And sang you my come-all-yes.

Oro, Nora, &c.

Many and many's the day
We've left since then behind us ;
Still, as they pass away,
True friends they always find us.
Now you're a *cailin* grown,
With lovers around you many one,
But I know by a way of my own
You'd rather have me than anyone.

Oro, Nora, &c.

Whether I rest or rise,
Of you alone I'm thinking,
I'd rather a glance from your eyes
Than the best of aiting and drinking.
I'm tired of a lonely life,
An empty hearth's so dreary ;
Oh ! the face of a darling wife
Would make the place quite cheery.

Oro, Nora, &c.

Don't mind what gossips say,
But scorn all their warning,
For Love would turn to May
The darkest winter morning.
You've beauty, youth, and health—
I'm hopeful, strong, and willing :
Oh, sure we'll rowl in wealth
Without another shilling !

Oro, Nora, &c.

My cabin's as nate as a pin,
And after all my labours,
'Twould be a cruel sin
To disappoint the neighbours.
Just whisper the word in my ear,
I'm dying to be hearing,
We'll give them a night, never fear,
That'll never be bate in Erin.

Oro, Nora machree,
I don't know for the life o' me
How I'll aisy be
Until I make my wife o' ye.

MAUREEN.

Air—"THE CRUISKEEN LAWN."

I've sung you many songs
About Ireland and her wrongs,
And many a garland more, plaze God, I'll twine;
But now, boys, by your lave,
We will have a little stave
About that little *cailin ban* of mine.

CHORUS.

O gra machree mo coulin,
Slainte geal mavourneen,
I'd drink your health from dewy eve till dawn,
For 'tis you that has the sway
From Mayo to Dublin Bay,
O gra machree mo coulin ban.

I'll not deny her name,
Sure Maureen is that same—
No sweeter could to Irish maid belong !
Her surname's rather quare,
But 'tis neither here nor there,
For she promised me she'd change it before long.

My Maureen has no wealth
But modesty and health,
And sure what more could any boy require ?
But jewels, silks, or lace,
Could not add another grace
To those that make her now my heart's desire.

Oh, riches I despise,
And rank I poorly prize—
'Tis little, faith, of either that I own;
But with Maureen by my side
I would face the world wide,
More proud than any king upon his throne.

Her people say I'm wild,
With no more sense than a child,
And strongly doubt I'll ever settle down,
But I'll end my roving life
When the *cailín ban*'s my wife,
And be the steadiest boy in all the town.

THE LEGEND OF "EAMON AN TEANGA;"
OR "NED OF THE TONGUE."

PART I.

ONCE on a time, and a jolly old time it was,
In Erin's fair clime, and a very fair clime it was,
Long before ever the old Danish robber set foot in it,
Or the God-accurst spawn of the plundering Norman
took root in it,
When the Mac's and the O's could handle their
swords,
And rough knocks and hard blows convinced better
than words,
When our people were happy, and glad, and as gay
as could be—
In fine, when the Erin we love and we cherish was
free.

In this pleasant old time, lived the theme of my rhyme.
He was King of a part of the North of Mayo—
Whereabouts I can't tell, as my records don't show;
In those days the kings were as thick in the land
As the stars in the sky or the stones on the strand,
And 'tis little the notice we'd have of their lives,
Of their acts or their deeds, or their rows with their
wives,
Except in themselves there was something so
strange,
That a bard might delight o'er the subject to range.

Now this king whom I sing,
In his figure and mien, had the dickens a thing
That could tempt any *File* to finger a string.
His kingdom was small—forty acres in all,
And himself wasn't tall, but what *medium* you'd
call;
Why, to look at the height and the shape and the
clothes of him,
Not a girl in the land but would turn up her nose
at him;
But, oh! once let him *speak*, in a tone e'er so meek,
And however hard she'd endeavour to frown again,
Not a girl in the land but would turn that nose
down again.

For his voice was as sweet as e'er rang from the
bushes,
As full as the blackbird's, as mellow as thrush's;
Not a bird from the nightingale down to the linnet,
But he'd got a fair share of their harmony in it.
He could wheedle the fruit from the bough
heavy-laden,
The gold from a miser, the heart from a maiden,
The child from its mother—though hard 'twere to
charm her—
Or an old hanging gale from a tightly pressed
farmer.

But the wonder of wonders is surely to come,
When you hear that this prince,
Through his blarney intense,
Had got all the "good people" under his thumb.

He could make every fairy, howe'er so "contrairy,"
From Queen Cliodhna down to the leprachaun
wary,
Attend to his wants, nor of service be chary,
But look lively about it, and supple, and airy.

A palace he ordered—'twas built in a minute;
A queen—in a whiff she was sitting within it;
A banquet—'twas spread out above on the tables;
A steed—he was neighing below in the stables.
But while doing his bidding, they still cursed
their lot,
And hoped for good ridding he'd one day be shot.
For they hated to think—did these frolicsome
elves—
That his nod or his wink should force sprites like
themselves
(Who skimmed o'er the meadows or swept through
the blue)
To slave for a mortal—a Mayo man, too.

Now his sway o'er the sprites, about whom Croker
writes,
And in whose merry pranks even Shakespeare
delights,
Grew so varied and great, that his riches and state,
'Twas allowed on all hands,
Went "beyant the beyants,"
And swelled up day by day
His ambition and greed,
That no feeding could feed,
Nor enjoyment allay.

Not a thing he beheld,
If 'twas precious or rare,
But 'tis little he'd care,
Till, by foul means or fair,
Its possession he held.

PART II.

Hard by, it befel,
There did dwell, in a cell,
A hermit of note, as historians tell,
The garb of this hermit,
If "garb" one may term it,
Consisted of rags, or the fag-end of bags,
And he dined upon lentils, and slept upon flags;
Nor riches nor wealth,
But the blessing of health,
Possessed he, to tempt one so minded to stealth,
Save one object alone,
Whose fame world-known,
Has lived through the ages that since then have
flown.

'Twas a book, fairly writ,
Of the Gospels, to wit—
A manuscript copy—they had no printing presses .
In those days, you know, so all books were MSS.—
Took a lifetime to write,
Of hard work day and night,
But *then* deemed more precious than hearing or sight.

And (to speak within measure) this book was "a
treasure"

On which some old saint had but thought it a
pleasure

To spend all the hours of his praying and leisure;

Every initial letter,

In loop, link, and fetter,

With angels and serpents and demons' hoof-cloven,

Interlaced, intertwined, intermixed, interwoven;

And such colours, oh, my!

It would Judson defy

To produce any dye

Could so brilliantly shine, and so ravish the eye.

Now the greed of this Eamon, which little brooked
taming,

This book to possess grew outrageously flaming,

And a coffer of gold of a value untold,

He offered the saint, but "'tis not to be sold,"

Said the hermit of grace, smiling soft in his face

And Eamon in rage quickly quitted the place;

Swore by hook or by crook

He would yet have the book—

Called up every sprite, brown, green, black, and
white.

And got them to steal off the volume by night.

But no sooner the saint of his loss was acquaint

Than the wrath of his soul human tongue could not
paint,

Straight off to the palace

That harboured such malice

He walked, and drove in the half-door with a kick,
 And was in the king's room in the twirl of a stick,
 Bade him give up the book or 'twould surely be
 worse for him,
 As he had up his sleeve a most terrible curse for him.

"A fig for your cursing," defiant cried Eamon
 (It was winter and late
 And a fire in the grate),
 "You nor I, my old boy,
 Shall this treasure enjoy,"

And he flung the big volume the midst of the
 flame in.

"Get out now," says he, "just as quick as you came
 in."

But the saint put his hand in the thick of the fire,
 And took out the volume—
 Uninjured one column;

Then turning to Eamon he cried out in ire:

 "Meet the fate you've provoked,
 In the curse you've invoked,
 'Tis short, but 'twill do,
 My old sinner, for you.

O Eamon an Teanga! O Eamon an Teanga!
 O'n moimeub'ro pór go m-beiréab cap air do
 teanga!"

Which Englished for those who in Gælic are
 "young"

Means, "BE THERE EVERMORE, EAMON, A TWIST IN
 YOUR TONGUE."

PART III.

There's, I think, nothing worse
 Than a round rolling curse,
 In English 'tis coarse, and in French not delightful,
 In Greek bad enough, but in Irish 'tis *frightful*.
 For what's "Sacre bleu!" or "Bad luck to your
 soul!"

To "Malláct Oé otc-pa," or "C'anam do'n
 diabail!"

And nothing I've read of in true tale or fiction
 Could beat out an old Irish saint's malediction.

Well it happed from that day, whate'er Eamon
 would say,
 The words would roll out of his mouth the wrong
 way.

If he called in hot haste for a barrel of meal,
 'Tis what he would *say* was a "*marl of beal*;"
 If for "lobsters" he'd sing
 It was "bolsters" they'd bring;
 Or whenever he wanted a cart of potatoes
 'Tis shouting he'd be for a "*part of kitatoes*."

One day when he called for a *boatful of onions*
 Every fairy and imp
 Laughed aloud at his limp,
 As he hobbled along with a *footful of bunions*;
 And each ill-disposed sprite
 Took the keenest delight
 His commands to obey
 When his words went astray;

As once when he walked in his meadows he found
The heather grew thickly all over the ground,
And wishing it quickly removed from his lands,
He cried, "Take the *leather* all off o' my *hands*."

And, though loudly he yelled
They seized him and held,
Whacked his fingers all o'er,
Made his hands hot and sore,
While they'd shriek with delight as for mercy he'd
roar.

So in that way and this did the twist in his tongue
To him come so amiss that his nerves were unstrung.

He was burly and frank—
He grew surly and lank,
And a shrivelled-up shank grew each well-fattered
limb,
He was ruddy and gay—he grew sallow and grim,
And some pity I'd claim for his desolate lot,
If this monarch of fame some compunction had got;
But I say to his shame it was what he had not.
For his heart was as hard as thy rocks, Cairn Tual,
And as stubborn and crank as Mike Carmody's
mule—

Just as ready to kick
'Neath a lick of a stick,
As hard to advise, and "onaisy" to rule;
And though trouble around him each minute
increased,
The pride of his heart never softened the least,
But higher and higher it daily would swell
Till his ruin it wrought, as you now shall hear tell.

PART IV.

Close to Eamon's estate lived a lively old chief,
Called O'Doody the Great (to my best of belief);
My records say not
How this title he got,
I find little said of his works or his labours
Save caving (at times) in the heads of his
neighbours,
And here and there making some deep observations
By means of a stick on his nearest relations.

Now this Doody or Dowd
(For the name is the same),
Just his garden beyond, had a lake or a pond
Of which, I must own, he was awfully proud;
And here in a boat 'twas his pleasure to float,
As grand as you please, in the cool of the eve,
While his bards would play tunes, or old legends
would weave.

He had fitted "complate,"
To add more to his state,
In the stern, a sort of a kind of a throne—
Where, sitting at ease,
Without hurting his knees,
He could stretch out his legs, and "call Ireland his
own."

Now Eamon likewise in his grounds had a lake,
Where a yacht, too, he'd got
In which little tours in the summer he'd take;
But he grieved o'er the fact that a throne it yet lacked,

And he vowed, that the fairies should one for him
make.

For his envy rose high, when O'Dowd he'd espy,
Sailing round in his boat, "like a *con-sated* drake."
So he called out aloud for the whole little crowd
Of his fairies and sprites, and his imps and his elves,
And, when the wee beings presented themselves;
Says he, "As the order I'm going to give
My tongue in disorder will speak, you perceive,

I command you to-day

The reverse just to do .

Of whatever I say,

For I've found out this way

My ill luck to undo."

"Agreed," cried the crowd,

And Eamon aloud

Yelled, "Now let ye stick a *big throne* in my
boat."

Oh ! strange to relate,

Once for many a day,

The words came out straight

And not twisted wrong way ;

While to Eamon's dismay

From the mad little crowd

Came the answer so loud,

"Oh, yes, we will stick a *big bone* in your *throat* !"

And an ass's shin bone,

Thick and rough, och mavrone,

They rammed down his throat till he groaned his
last groan.

Here readers and friends
My long story ends—
Nor moral nor note to its ending I've strung.
By your yawning, I know
You've wished *me* long ago
The curse of King Eamon—A TWIST IN MY TONGUE.

THE FARMER'S WELCOME TO FATHER
CHRISTMAS.

MAUREEN, run out now as fast as you can,
This is no night to lave one at the door—
What, Father Christmas, my jolly ould man!
Cead mile failte a thousand times o'er!
Give us your fist—whoo! you're frozen alive,
Off with your coat, and draw up to the blaze!
Maureen, throw on a few sods more, and—wife,
Mix us two tumblers as stiff as you plaze.

Blood alive, man—'tis yourself that looks grand!—
Divil a change since I first saw your face,
Cheeks like the rose, and the grip in your hand;
Of care in your features the dickens a trace.
Girls, be aisy, and let the man be!
Arrah, the cratures are half mad with joy!
'Tis only with such an ould friend they'd make
free—
Come down off his knee, Micky, there's a good
boy!

Is it ourselves looking well too, you say?
Begorra, what use in complaining at all?
While the boldest and strongest are wasting away,
And the best in the country are gone to the wall.
Many's the friend left the land with a curse;
Many's the one we saw under the sod;
Still bad as the times were, they might have been
worse
And we never lost trust in the mercy of God.

What use in complaining? We've strength and
we've health,

If not *lán a mhála* like once of our days:
We have love, faith, *go leor*, and 'tis better than
wealth—

They can't rob us of that, let them try all their
ways.

And what do I see when I look on the past,
But tyrants and thieves riding rough on the land,
And a storm that seemed as it always would last,
And the land lying dead in the Sassenach's hand?

And all the long years was the crowbar at work,
And the poor creeping out to the workhouse
and grave.

And scenes that would soften the heart of a Turk,
But never a pang to our hard masters gave,
And all the long years did the ships sail away
With the hope and the strength and the pride of
our race,

And the town and the village slip into decay,
And the cattle and sheep take the peasantry's place.

My God! how my heart sickens in me with shame
To think how we bore it for days and for nights,
Cursed the hard yoke but bowed down all the same,
And never a stroke made for homes and for
rights;

I often said then and I often think now
That the pike or the rifle, it mattered not which,
Would have helped more than curses—and sure
anyhow

Better bleed on the hillside than starve in the
ditch,

Men there were daring, true-hearted, and brave—

But only a handful, and what could they do?

The trust of the people was given to knaves

More shameless and rotten than cause ever knew.

They raved and they ranted, with faces of brass,

And bade us be patient, and all would be well—

But they feathered their nests, and they sold out the
pass—

And the best that I wish them 's a cool spot in
hell.

Well, I've had my bright days and my sad like the
rest—

Do you mind, Father Christmas, one year that you
came?

A fair cailin's curls lay on my proud breast,

And I gave her a right to my hearth and my name.

Now, Maureen, come here—don't be turning away!

Just look at her there, and the blush in her face.

Who would think that twelve summers have passed
since that day,

But for those slips of lads running all round the
place.

God be with the ould times, good or bad, so say I,

And God speed the new that bring hope to the land;

For sure 'tis the dawn at last reddens her sky,

And the day of poor Ireland's redemption 's at hand.

Near or far, anyhow—we'll stand or we'll fall,

With her faith and her fortunes through good and
through ill;

Now, glory to God for His mercy to all,

And peace upon earth to all men of good will.

I WISH I WERE A POET.

I WISH I were a poet, a nature-loving poet,
To sing the praises of the land of sorrow and of
wrong ;
The changeful sky above her, the spreading lakes
below it,
Her glens, her streams, her mountains, I'd celebrate
in song.
I'd fair and peerless prove her, I'd teach her sons to
love her,
And move their hearts to vow that she no more
should be in chains ;
That pining not, nor sighing, but fighting for and
dying ;
Is aye their duty, night and day, till Freedom lights
her plains.

I wish I were a poet, a freedom-loving poet,
With deepest hate of tyranny where'er on earth
'tis found ;
With power to rouse the meekest slave to rise and
overthrow it,
And lay the proudest edifices level with the ground.
I'd rally the despairing, and shame the little-caring,
Till for thy sake, dear Erin, they'd strive and
suffer all ;
For better far be dying beneath the green flag flying,
Than weakly, vainly, sighing within the tyrant's
thrall.

Mavrons, I'm but a singer of rhymes that will not
linger,

A vain and idle stringer of echoes, old and new ;
A few short years and maybe, I'll lying neath the
clay be,

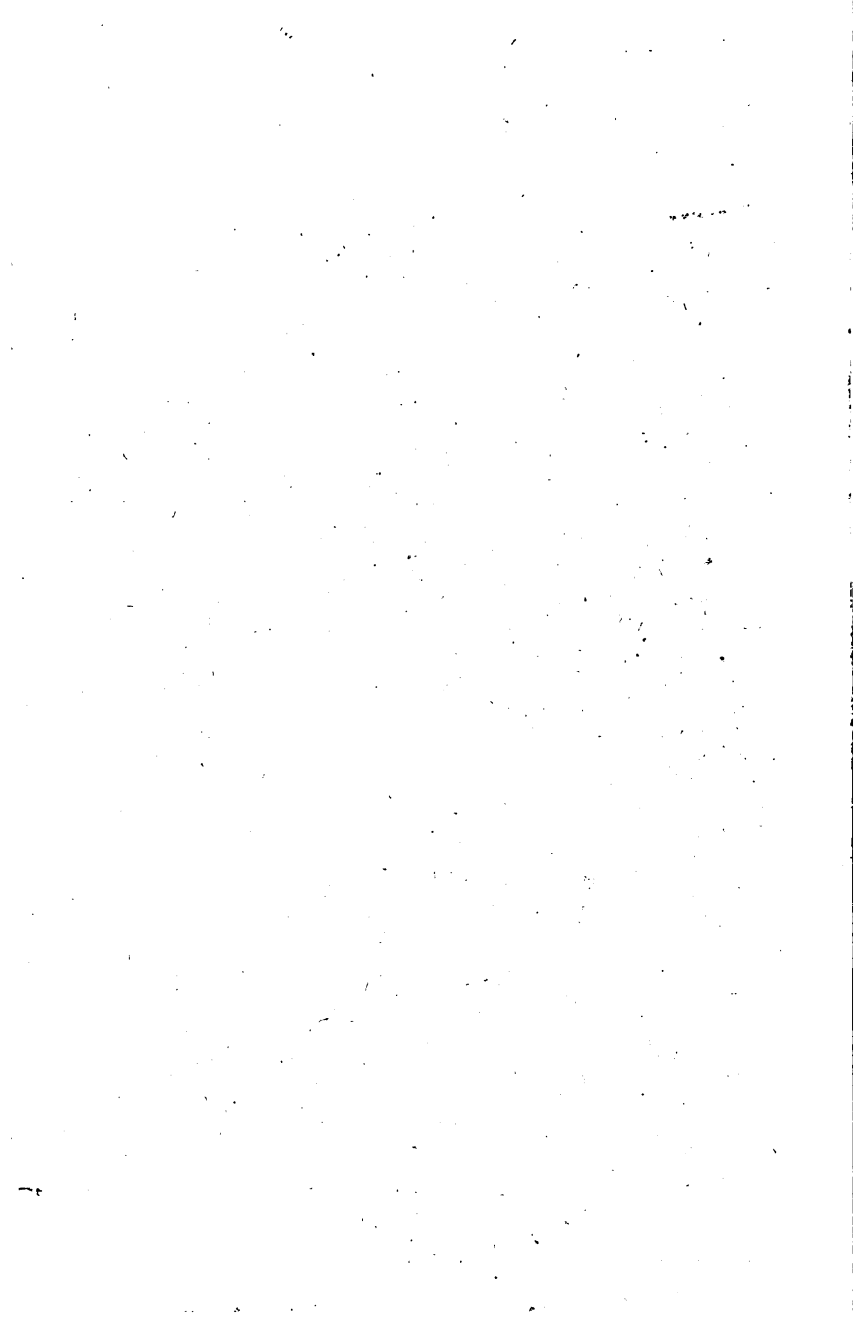
And none be found to say that he loved mother
Erin true.

But if I were a poet, 'tis I, dear land, would show it,
Thy cheek should know a glow it had parted with
too long ;

I'd chase the clouds that grieve thee, bright garlands
I would weave thee,

And dying, love, I'd leave thee my rosary of song.













the 1990s, the number of people with a mental health problem has increased by 50% (Mental Health Foundation 2000). The prevalence of mental health problems has increased in the general population, and the incidence of mental health problems has increased in the prison population (Mental Health Foundation 2000).

There is a growing awareness of the need to address the mental health needs of prisoners. The Prison Service has a duty to provide mental health services for prisoners (Prison Service 2000). The Prison Service has a duty to provide mental health services for prisoners who are at risk of self-harm or suicide (Prison Service 2000).

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